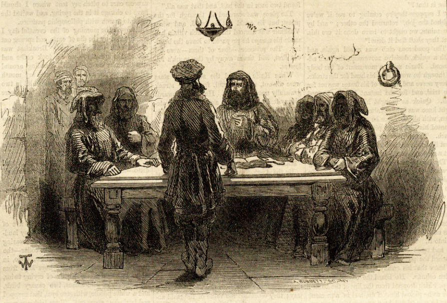
THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE ROMANCE THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XII. R. BONNER, {EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, NO. 44 ANN-STREET. NEW YORK. MAY 24, 1856. TERMS, {$2 PER ANNUM. FOUR CENTS A COPY. NO. 11.


A. BOBBETT. SC. N.Y.

THE SECRET MIDNIGHT TRIBUNAL.

THE TREATY IN PARIS.

SUNDAY, MARCH 30TH, 1856.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

There came a word upon the lightning's lip,
Across the brine,—that set the mightiest bells
Of London pealing.
To her cottage-door
Hobbled the listening crone, and the sick man
Look'd up and ask'd what stirr'd the Sabbath bells
To such strange clamor, and the white-robed priest
Paus'd for a moment, wondering,—as the towers
Rock'd and responded.
But that little word
Upon the lightning's lip,—what might it be?
It reach'd the far Crimea, gorg'd with blood
And deaf with death-groans and on her sad brow
Traced the forgotten semblance of a smile.
The Russian serf receives it in his hut,
And moisteneth his black bread with tears of joy.
Stamboul hath caught the echo, and is glad,
While 'mid the chapels and the vines of France,
The conscript's mother her Te Deum sings.

Wouldst know what mystic word hath power to wake
So many harps of praise?
Go,—ask the choir
What was the key-tone of the song they pour'd
O'er Bethlehem's vales, when our dear Lord was born,—
And they will tell you what electric thrill
Hath touch'd the joy-pulse of the war-worn Earth
On this blest Sabbath morn.

THE GUN MAKER OF MOSCOW; OR, VALDIMIR THE MONK.

A TALE OF THE EMPIRE UNDER PETER THE GREAT.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerks Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MYSTIC TRIBUNAL.

Away back of the old cathedral of Moscow, and in a narrow, dark court which was overlooked by the towers of the giant edifice, stood a curiously constructed stone building, which, though not connected bodily with the cathedral, yet seemed to belong to it. It was low and broad, with a flat, tiled roof, and without a visible window. Within one of the apartments of this building—an apartment away down in the bowels of the earth, where the light of day never came—were seated six men. The room was of fair size, and the floor, the walls, and the ceiling were of dark stone. Wooden benches were arranged about the place; and there were some other articles of furniture there, too—strange contrivances they were, and fashioned after various shapes and patterns. But of that anon. The place was lighted by a large hanging lamp, which had just power enough to make the room gloomy and dismal. The six men sat about a table, on which were a book and sword, and the most prominent man there was Valdimir the Monk!

And Valdimir alone exposed his face. All the rest wore black masks, their robes being of the same melancholy hue. They sat there silent as death, Valdimir gazing down upon the table, and the other five gazing fixedly upon him. They were stout men, all of them, and they bore themselves towards Valdimir as bears a servant to his acknowledged master.

"The hour is waxing late," said Valdimir, at length looking up from the table. His voice sounded in that place like the echo of a tomb. It was low and hollow, and the others started as they heard it.

"There's time yet to spare, master," replied one who sat next the monk.

"I trust we shall not be disappointed," said Valdimir, at the expiration of a few moments more.

To this no answer was returned.

At length there came a dull echo from overhead, and the six dark sitters started up to listen. The sound grew louder, and soon it sent down into that dismal chamber the notes of coming footsteps. In a few moments more the heavy iron door creaked upon its hinges, and three men entered, and soon behind them came three more. Those who came in advance were two of them leading the third as a prisoner. And so it was with those behind. The iron door creaked again, and when the heavy bolts had been shoved into their sockets, the two prisoners were led forward.

"Master," spoke one of the new-comers, "we have brought the prisoners—two of them—as you commanded."

"It is well," said Valdimir. "Let them be brought before us!"

As the two men are brought where the light can strike upon their faces we see the two guides who conducted Ruric Nevel to his place of confinement. One of them was he who met Ruric in the street, and the other is the one who guided him into the old bath-house with the lantern in his hand. They shuddered fearfully as they gazed around upon the dismal scene, and their looks plainly showed that they knew not why they had been brought thither.

"*Lesko Totma!*" pronounced Valdimir.

The first of the prisoners—he who had met Ruric in the street—started as he heard that name, and tried to speak.

"Are you the man?" asked the monk, looking into his face.

"Yes, holy father," the wretch tremblingly replied.

"Then stand you here in front of me."

The fellow was moved up in front of the table, and surprise and fear seemed to be struggling for the mastery over him, for he recognized now the strange monk about whom he had probably heard so much.

"Lesko Totma," said Valdimir, lowly and slowly, "you have been seen much in the company of a hump-backed priest named Savotano. You know such a priest, do you not?"

The man hesitated. He gazed furtively about him, and trembled more than before.

"Answer me!"

"Yes, sir,—I know him."

"And now, sir, be sure that you answer me directly and truly. Do you know a young gun-maker, named Ruric Nevel?"

The fellow started with a perceptible quake as this question was asked, but he seemed to have been prepared for it, for his answer was direct."

"No, sir—I do not."

"Ha—beware! Think well before you speak."

"If you mean the man who fought the duel with the Count Damonoff, then I have heard of him; but I do not know that I ever saw him."

"Then you are sure of this?"

"Of course I am,"

"*Frederic Viska!*"

The second prisoner now came forward. He was a few years younger than his companion, though somewhat larger, and evidently more bold. Totma was conducted out of the apartment as Viska came forward.

"You, too, have been in the company of this priest, Savotano, have you not?" the monk asked.

"I know him," the fellow replied, with a slight touch of defiance in his tone. He had not surely looked about him to see those strange contrivances by which he was surrounded, or he would not have ventured such a tone.

"And you have been some in his company?"

"Perhaps so."

"Very well. And now do you not also know Ruric Nevel?"

"I have seen him, too, sir."

"And now—can you tell me where he is at this present time?"

"No," was the answer, short and quick.

"Beware! If you have any regard for your own welfare you will answer me truly.—Where is Ruric Nevel?"

"I tell you I know nothing about him—nothing at all."

"And of this you are sure?"

"Who are you that assume to question me thus? I know you not."

Viska spoke this in a tone of virtuous indignation, probably thinking that that turn might serve him.

"We will let you into the secret by and by," the monk returned, with a peculiar shake of the head. "But I will ask you once more: Do you know where Nevel is?"

"*No!*"

"You need not speak quite so loud. We hear easily."

"Then don't ask me impertinent questions," retorted the prisoner.

Valdimir started half way up, and his fists were clenched; but the quick flush passed from his face, and he sat back again.

"Look ye," he said, as soon as he was sure his anger would not manifest itself, "Were I not sure that you know what I ask I would not question you thus. And now, once more, I ask you,—Will you give me some clue to the whereabouts of Ruric Nevel?"

"I'll answer you once more. I know nothing about him. You must not think that this dark place, and you men all dressed in black, can frighten me into telling a lie, as it might a child."

At this point Valdimir turned to one of his men—one of those who helped bring the prisoners in—and said,—

"You know this to be the man?"

"Yes, my master."

"And you have seen him in private confab with the hump-backed priest?"

"I have."

"And the other things you told me are true?"

"They are, master."

"Then let down those *interpreters*."

At this command two of the attendants moved to the back side of the room where they unhooked a stout chain from the wall, and as they allowed it to slide through their hands a curious piece of machinery descended directly in front of the table. It consisted of a stout bar of iron, which was suspended, midway, upon the chain, and there rested parallel with the ceiling. Upon each end of this bar were straps of iron, armed with springs and screws. At a motion from the monk the prisoner was led back till he stood directly beneath the bar, and then his arms were seized and raised up. He struggled some, and cursed more, but he was soon overcome. The iron bands were passed around his wrists, and connected with these were two small cups which were slipped over the thumbs. After these had been firmly secured the chain was tightened, and the fellow's hands were raised far above his head. There were two results produced by tightening the chain: It not only tended to draw the thumbs back upon the wrists but it also twisted the thumb, the two cups being armed with file-like teeth within, and closing tightly upon the flesh.

"Now, sir," spoke Valdimir, lowly and deeply, "I am going to ask these questions again, and you will do well to answer them truly. Will you tell me where Ruric Nevel is?"

"I don't know."

"Will you tell me where you saw him last?"

"I haven't seen him since he fought the duel with Damonoff."

"Beware!"

"I have not."

"Mark me: I have had you watched, and I know that you have seen Nevel within these three days. This I *know*, so I have no hesitation in the course I am about to pursue. Once more— Where is Ruric Nevel?"

The man hesitated now; but his answer was still the same. He would not tell.

Valdimir made a motion to the two men who stood by the wall, and they gave a pull upon the chain.

"Oh—God!" gasped the prisoner, as the painful twist and wrench came upon his thumbs.

"Will you answer?"

"How can I? How can I?"

"By speaking what you know."

"I know nothing."

Another signal was made to the men at the chain, and they pulled again. Another groan from the prisoner, but no other response.

Another signal—and another pull.

"Mercy!" shrieked the poor wretch, quivering with pain.

"Will you answer?"

"I don't know."

"Then we must try again."

"No, no,—Oh, God, no more!"

"But you must answer."

"I don't know."

"Then you must have forgotten, and such treacherous memories need starting up."

As Valdimir thus spoke he waved his hand again."

"Oh! God have mercy! Oh-o-o! Save me! Save me!"

"Save yourself."

The wretch was in torment now without ceasing. Nearly the whole of his weight bore upon his wrists and thumbs, and the latter were drawn over almost to the wrist. But he would not answer. He had a deeper fear than this. He feared to break the horrid oaths by which he was bound to the scheming priest.

One more pull upon the chain, and the man's feet were clear of the floor. His whole weight now bore wrenchingly upon his thumbs, and he groaned in the agony of torture. He bore it a few moments, but his coward soul could bear no more.

"Oh, God! Down! down! Let me down!"

"But answer. Where is Ruric Nevel?"

"I—I—don't——"

"Hold, thou false-hearted villain!" shouted Valdimir, in a voice of thunder. "This is the last of this torture; but when we take you from here we can put you into a state compared with which the pain you now experience is real joy! Each particular limb shall be wrenched all out of shape, and your very eyes shall start out like——"

"Down! down! Oh Great God, down!"

"*Where is Ruric Nevel?*"

"I'll tell you—I'll tell if you spare me!"

"Tell me first!"

There was a moment more of hesitation—one single moment—and then the miserable wretch gave up.

"He's in the old bath-house."

"Ha!—Where?"

"In the old bath near the river—on the Tula pass—in one of the vaults!"

"Very well.—Let him down."

The chain was slacked up, and Frederick Viska was once more upon his feet. He trembled yet, for there was pain in his arms.

"Now carry him out," ordered Valdimir, "and bring the other one in."

In a few moments more Lesko Totma was before the strange tribunal. He trembled fearfully, for he had been where he could hear his companion's groans without hearing what he said.

"Lesko Totma," spoke the monk, in a low, deep tone, "we have given you time for thought, and mayhap you have your memory brightened by this time. Now where is Ruric Nevel?"

"I don't know."

"Ah—you still forget, eh?"

"I never knew."

"A most strange forgetfulness, I must confess. Let the *interpreters* be adjusted!"

"Oh—mercy! Don't murder me!"

But no notice was taken of his cries. The straps and conical cups were adjusted, and the chain drawn tight. At the first turn of the self-acting screw the fellow shrieked. It was not so much with present pain as with the fear of what was to come. The very presage of the place, so dark and dismal, had more effect upon his mind than it had upon his companion.

At a second pull of the chain he groaned and begged for mercy. He had heard of this dark place, and he fancied that men who came there seldom went away alive.

"Hark ye, base wretch," the monk said, "If you do not tell me where the young gun-maker is I'll have you torn limb from limb! Another pull, there!"

As the wrench came again the villain fairly shouted with pain.

"Oh! Let me go! Let me go! I'll tell all!"

"Then tell. You leave not this place alive until you have told!"

"He is—— Oh! God!—He is—in the old bath!"

"Where?"

"The Duke's bath—on the Pass of Tula!"

"Whereabouts there?"

"In the lowest, furthest vault. Oh! Spare!"

Valdimir waved his hand, and the quaking wretch was freed from his torture.

Now conduct them both to the dungeons, and lock them up. They must not run at large for the present. Let them be secure."

"No, no," cried Viska, who had been brought back. "You were to let me go if I told you."

"Not free, sir," said Valdimir.

"But you have no right to hold me thus. I am nearly dead with pain now where you have torn my hands in pieces.—By the——"

"Silence, dog! My authority here is my power. My right is my might. I have you, and I will keep you. Were I to let you go I might not have the power to catch you again, as legal officers could. Lead them off, and then we'll turn our attention to the Duke's Bath!"

CHAPTER XV.

WHAT HAPPENED AT THE DUKE'S BATH.

Ruric Nevel could keep no account of time. Darkness, and darkness only, dwelt with him in his prison house.—Darkness so utter that the only effect of opening the eyes was the nervous reality of the motion. In fact, 'twas lighter with the eyes closed than with them opened, for when tightly closed there were peculiar fantastic shapes floating in the imagination, and even this was a relief; and then there was a sort of kaleidoscopic succession of colors when the lids were tightly pressed, that seemed grateful to the nerves, and gave variety to the mind. But when the eyes were open only a cold, impenetrable blackness was present, within which there were no shapes—no forms—save the one form of utter chaos.

Ruric felt sure he had been there four days, and at times it appeared longer than that. Food and drink had been brought to him thrice, and he was now without both. His strength had not yet left him, though there were pains in his limbs, and a chilling sensation about the heart. He had broken the rope from his arms on the first day of his confinement; and he had hoped to overcome the man who brought him food and drink, and thus make his escape; but no human being had yet come in to him. His food had been passed in through a small wicket.

"And this is the end of life!" he murmured to himself, as he paced slowly to and fro across the dungeon. "Thus ends all the hopes of youth, and here the prayers of a lifetime must close in one last hope—one hope of Heaven when earth has passed away! My mother, no farewell can reach thee from the lips of thy son. He will lie down in the dark slumber of death, and thou shalt not know his resting-place! And thou, loved one—Oh! thou fondly-cherished, wildly-worshipped being, thy smiles can shine no more for me. Oh, Rosalind, would that I could see thee but once—that once more I might press thee to my bosom, and bid thee remember me when I am gone. Had I never seen thee I might not be here now! And yet, O God, for life itself I would not wipe away the written story of that holy love from my heart!'

The thought of Rosalind came heavily upon him. All else he could give up in a higher hope than that of earth; but for her he held a strange fear. She would be another's.

"And must it be so?" he continued, after some minutes of painful reflection. "Alas! she will be nothing to me hereafter! My mother will know her son, but Rosalind will know another! And yet—she may carry the old love with her always. She may never forget it. Oh! could I but once——"

He stopped suddenly, for he heard a footfall in the low passage close by the dungeon. He listened, and he heard more. There were several feet—and soon he heard voices. He moved back to the extremity of the vault and listened. The feet stopped, and the sound of grating iron, like the drawing of a bolt, was heard. Soon afterwards the door was opened, and the light from a lantern flashed into the place. For a few moments the prisoner was blinded by the sudden transition, but by degrees he overcame the difficulty, and was able to look up.

The first object upon which his eyes fell was the hump-backed priest, Savotano. There were four others behind him, but Ruric noticed them not yet. He saw before him the man whom he believed to be the instrument of his suffering, and with one bound he reached him, and felled him to the floor.

"Hold!" cried one of the others—one who held the lantern—"we have come to conduct thee out from here."

"Ha!—Say ye so?"

"Most surely we have."

"Then stand aside and let me go."

"Just as you say. The doors are open, and you may go. You may follow us, or you may go in advance."

"Then lead on," returned Ruric, "and I will follow."

"As you say."

Thus speaking the man assisted the priest to his feet, and led him out from the cell. In a few moments more the others went out also, and Ruric prepared to follow. He heard the priest cursing, but he noticed that one of the others led him off. The youth stepped forth into the passage, but he did not place the fullest confidence in what he had heard. He reached the foot of the stairs, and the others were nearly up. He started to follow them, and had nearly gained the top, when a quick, lightning-like shadow flitted before him. He would have started back, but 'twas too late. There came a blow upon his head, and with a dull, crashing sensation he sank down. He realized that he was turned over, and that a rope was being lashed about his arms.

But the prisoner had not been fully stunned. He returned to consciousness as they lifted him to his feet, and his first impulse was to try and force his bonds asunder, but this he could not do. He gazed up now, and he found only two men with him, and they wore masks upon their faces. They were stout, powerful men, and their very bearing was murderous, and his heart sank within him.

"Come," said one of them. "You'll go with us. We won't force ye if you'll walk."

"But where?" asked the youth. "What mean you?"

"You'll see when you get there. But there's no time to waste, so come."

What could the prisoner do? His hands were firmly bound behind him, and his great strength availed not a bit. He knew that he could not resist, so he simply bowed his head in token of submission, and prepared to follow his conductors. But they left him not to follow at will. They took him by either arm, and thus led him away. He remembered the room into which he had been first conducted on the evening of his capture, but he was not detained there. From here a long corridor led off to where a wing of the building had been partly torn away, and they soon came to a large circular apartment, in the centre of which was a deep basin where, in years gone by, people had been wont to bathe. The walls looked grim and ragged by the feeble rays of the lantern, and the chill wind came moaning through the cracks and crevices in the decaying masonry.

"There," spoke one of the guides, as he set his lantern upon the top of a broken column, "we will stop here."

The words were spoken in a sort of hushed, unmerciful tone, and Ruric felt them strike fearfully upon him. He gazed upon the man who had spoken, and he saw that he was preparing to throw off his pelisse, which he had thus far worn. As soon as this was off, he moved to where his companion stood, and commenced to whisper.

Could Ruric mistake longer? What reason, but *one*, could there have been for bringing him to such a place? To the left, where the basin had once emptied itself, there was a dark, deep, cave-like place, at the mouth of which a heap of rubbish had collected. What a place in which to hide a dead body! So thought Ruric. But he was startled from the dark reverie by a darker reality.

One of the men had taken a club—a long, heavy bludgeon which the youth had not before seen—and was just balancing it in one hand while he spit upon the other.

"You will not murder me here in cold blood!" uttered Ruric, starting back.

The stout ruffian clutched his club in both hands, but made no verbal answer.

"Speak! For God's sake, answer me!" the prisoner exclaimed, starting back another pace. "Do you mean to murder me?"

"Why," answered the man with the club, in a cool, off-handed manner, "since you are so anxious to know I'll tell you.—You will die within a minute!"

"And will you take the life of one who never harmed you?—Hold! If money be your object—"

"Stop," interrupted the villain. "You can't argue us out of it in that way. You've got to die, and the sooner you go the sooner you'll get over it. You won't suffer a bit if you don't go to kicking up a fuss. There, now—if you hadn't bothered me 'twould have been all over by this time."

Oh! What would Ruric have given at that moment for the use of one of his arms! But that was beyond praying for. Yet he had his feet. He said nothing more, but he allowed the man to come within a few yards of him, and then he prepared for the only means of defence he had. The huge club was raised, and at that moment Ruric saw that the other man also had a club. He knew then that they had been concealed there until now.

"Hark!" uttered the second villain, just as his companion had raised his club. "What noise is that?"

"I suppose they're coming to see if we've finished the job," returned the other; "and by the saints, we ought to have done it ere this. But they shall find it done!"

The ponderous club was raised again, and with a quick, decisive movement, the man advanced. Ruric made a movement of the body as though he would bow his head for the stroke. Every nerve and muscle of his frame was set for the trial, and for the instant his heart stood still. Quick as thought his body bent—his right knee was brought almost to his chin—and then, with all the force he could command he planted his foot in the pit of the assassin's stomach. The effect was electrical. The wretch bent like a broken stick, and sank down without a single sign of life.

The second man uttered an oath and sprang forward with uplifted club, but Ruric easily dodged the blow, and then, as the thought for the first time flashed upon his mind, he darted to where the lantern stood, and overturned it. He had noticed an open passage close at hand, which seemed to lead to some sort of a dressing-room, and, guided by his memory alone, for it was now dark as Erebus there, he glided swiftly into it. When he knocked over the lantern he had upset column and all, and just as he reached the passage he heard a heavy fall, and he knew that his enemy had stumbled over the fallen column. He heard the curses, loud and deep, which dropped from the lips of the baffled man as he picked himself up, and in a moment more he was edified by a conversation between the two, for villain number one had revived, though the tone of his voice plainly indicated that he had a severe pain still lingering with him.

"Michael! Michael!" groaned number one; and as he spoke Ruric could hear him scrambling upon his feet.

"Hi, Orel," returned number two.

"Have ye dropped him?"

"No!" cried Michael, with a curse which we do not choose to transcribe. "He's a perfect devil!"

"But where's the lantern?"

"He put it out."

"But you ought to have knocked him down, you clown."

"So had you."

"Me? Why—he kicked me over."

"Well—he dodged by me and kicked over the lantern."

"But where is he now?"

"He's gone. Hark! Ha, I guess they've caught him. Don't you hear?"

"Yes—they've caught somebody."

"And of course it's him. He went that way. Let's go and find—"

He did not finish the sentence, for at that moment a voice came up in thunder tones; and it said,—

"RURIC! RURIC!"

"Good God!" gasped villain number one. "What is that?"

"RURIC! RURIC!"

"By the living gods! that is not from any of our men!" uttered the second villain. "Ha! they are coming this way!"

"RURIC! RURIC!"

"Where shall we flee?" cried Michael.

"There is but one place," returned Orel. "Here, in the little drawing-room. Come—let's find it. Oh! curses on that gun-maker's head! If he be not the very devil, then he's a bound partner of his. Have you found the entrance, Michael?"

"No. It's near you somewhere. Can't you—Ha! In! in!"

At that moment the glare of a flaming torch flashed through the gloom of the place, and the two villains stood revealed. A dozen stout men, all well armed, appeared in the only passage by which they could make escape, for to have fled into the drawing-room of which they had spoken would avail them nothing.

"Ho, villains!" shouted Valdimir the monk, raising his flaming torch high above his head with his left hand, while in his right he waved a heavy sword, "where is Ruric Nevel?"

"Here! here!" cried our hero, starting forward into the larger room.

"What! Safe?—alive?—well?" uttered Valdimir.

"Aye—my noblest of friends. But oh! cast off this accursed bond from my arms. It eats into the flesh."

The rope was quickly taken off, and then the youth embraced his deliverer. No questions were asked there. Only a few sincere thanks were uttered, and then attention was turned to the two villains who yet stood trembling near them. They had not attempted an escape, for the way was blocked up. They were quickly secured, and then the party turned away from the place; and as they went Ruric gave the monk an account of the manner in which he had been entrapped, and of the events which had transpired since.

"Merciful Heavens!" ejaculated Valdimir, as Ruric closed his account of the manner in which he had overcome the two men who had thought to murder him. "It was a narrow escape."

"But I might not have escaped without your coming," the youth said, "for they would surely have found me. With my hands lashed behind me as they were I could not have escaped."

"True—true," returned Valdimir, thoughtfully. "It was a narrow chance. But it is over now."

"And how gained you the knowledge of my whereabouts?" asked Ruric.

"I'll explain it to you when we have time. But did I understand you to say that the hump-backed priest was here?"

"He came to my dungeon with the rest, and 'twas he that I knocked down. Have you not found him?"

"No—we have seen nothing of him. We found two men in the hall, and that was all."

The place was searched all through for the priest, but he could not be found, and when Valdimir was assured that the arch villain had made his escape he prepared to leave the building. The prisoners—four of them—were led out first, and taken away by the monk's followers.

When Ruric reached the street the stars were all out, and the cool, frosty air struck gratefully upon his brow. He turned towards his mysterious companion, and under the grateful impulse of the moment he stopped. He raised his hands towards heaven—uttered one fervent sentence of thanksgiving to God—and then moved on again.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

MARRIAGE AMONG THE ANGLO-SAXONS.

By the Anglo-Saxon laws, every woman was under the care of some man, who was termed her "mundbora," or guardian; and no one could marry her without having first paid a sum of money as a compensation to her mundbora. The father, of course, was the guardian of his unmarried daughter; the brother, if the father died; and, next to him, the nearest male relative; if, however, the female was friendless and alone, she found in the King her legal guardian. There were no runaway matches, no clandestine and romantic nuptials, among the Saxon people; they did everything, even to their very love affairs, in a plain matter-of-fact way; they estimated the value of the maid according to her rank in life, and the law fixed the sum which should be regarded as a legal tender to satisfy the avarice of her guardians. The first step in courtship, therefore, was to buy the consent of the mundbora; the lover was then admitted into the society of his mistress, and allowed to claim her in due course as his wife; if, however, her personal charms or her disposition proved, on better acquaintance, unsatisfactory to her suitor, and he failed to complete the bargain, he became immediately amenable to the law. For this breach of a promise of marriage, he had to pay not only the usual mund or consideration fee to her guardian, but an additional compensation, besides a sum of money to those who had become sureties for the fulfilment of the agreement on his part.

If a man ventured to marry without first having bought and paid for his wife, he was guilty of the crime of mundbreach, the consequences of which were both disastrous and vexatious. The husband in such a case possessed no legal authority over his spouse; he was a husband, in fact, without a wife: he had no right to her property; he could recover no compensation for any insult which another man should dare to offer her: she had not been paid for, the guardian had not received a consideration; and all damages or fines inflicted for such an insult were payable to the woman's mundbora. If a man bought a maid and paid for her, no other could negotiate for her purchase; but if any fraud had been committed on her part, or on the part of her friends, she was returned home, and the man demanded back his money. By the Saxon law, a maid and a widow were of separate value; the latter could be purchased for one-half the sum which the guardian of a maid was entitled to demand; the man, therefore, who could not afford to purchase a maid, might, perhaps, be able to purchase a widow. The laws relating to the marriage of widows were curious, and seemed to discountenance second nuptials. The widow was compelled, by a law of Canute's, to continue husbandless for twelve months at least: if she married within that time, she forfeited all her marriage gifts, and all her property which she acquired by her first marriage was claimed by her nearest kinsman. Henry I. confirmed this decorous law.

GOOD SENSE.

Good sense, or what is usually called common sense is the basis of good taste. It teaches a man in the first place that more than two elbows are highly inconvenient in the world; and, in the second, that the fewer people you jostle on the road of life the greater your chance of success among men or women. It is not necessary that a common sense man, need be an unimaginative one; but it is necessary that his imagination should be well regulated. Good taste springs from good sense, because the latter enables a man to understand at all times precisely where he is, and what he ought to do under the circumstances of his situation. Good taste is a just appreciation of the relationship and probable effects of ordinary, as well as extraordinary things; and no man can have it unless he is in the habit of considering his own position, and planning his own actions with coolness and accuracy.

MAY DAY.

BY NATHALIE CARL.

In my humble opinion it's an unmitigated humbug! If you go into the country it's sure to rain and catch you out under trees that haven't a leaf or bud to shelter you, and the wet ground spoils your pet dress and ruins your gaiters, while the "Queen" is sure to be the very girl you most dislike, instead of your honorable self, and her most loyal subject the gentleman who has escorted you to and from every ball, singing school or concert during the winter. Pleasant—you find it—very! And in the city—ah me, miserable! What horrors the mere thought of May day in the city conjures up!

Like certain friends of mine I am troubled now and then with "an inquiring mind," and generally like to see all there is to be seen. I had always heard of "May moving" and longed to have a share of the fun—for such, in my ignorance, I considered it to be.

So, in locating myself for the winter I took express care to pitch my tent where I should have to change it in the spring, and waited the order to march with philosophic patience.

Early on the morning of the eventful day I was aroused by the din of carts, and sprung out of bed with childish delight. Breakfast was out of the question—we all took coffee and whatever else we could find, standing around the dining-room, and I ran off with my mouth full of eggs and buckwheat cakes to let in two gentlemen from the Emerald Isle, who were ringing lustily at the front door.

"Will ye plaze tell us what to take first, young lady," said the tallest, pulling at his cap by way of salute.

I summoned my landlady, who soon ushered them to the scene of action, and the curtain rose upon the tragedy and the farce.

The first load went off very well—the second ditto—the third only numbered a "smashed" looking-glass, a broken-legged chair and the corner of a pier table chipped, among its accidents. At that time the goods of the new tenant began to come in, and Order put her fingers to her ears and fled away distracted.

Our house then contained as inmates five of our own family, a parrot belonging to my landlady, and a large Newfoundland dog wearing my name and private mark on his collar—the new tenant, wife, grown up daughter, ditto, in pantalettes, three great noisy boys kept from school to "help move," a pair of crying twins, the property of said tenant, two canary birds, and a white poodle, with sore eyes, that snapped and barked at every one. Four Irishmen were continually thundering in trunks and boxes at the door, the parrot screamed, the twins cried, the mother "spanked" and scolded alternately, the poodle yelped, the Newfoundland howled, (who could wonder!) the canaries sung their loudest, the boys played "tag" through the basements, the girls jumped the rope in the parlor, the Irishmen got into "rows" on the staircase, my landlady looked worried, and the new tenant perfectly distracted, and I began to think "enough was as good as a feast," and that one might perhaps get a little too much of May day after all!

At eleven A. M. the uproar was enough to deafen one. One of our Irishmen carried off a box belonging to the new comers, they, in revenge, laid violent hands on my guitar case, and refused to give it up till the other was restored. Paddy No. 1 "pitched into" Paddy No. 3, while Nos. 2 and 4 were cutting at each other with the legs of a grand piano on the stairs. The new tenant tried to separate them and came rolling down from the second flight like a beer barrel—we looked where the police were, and, of course they weren't there—so we left them to fight it out. Finally extricated ourselves and goods from the grand melee, and vacated the premises at one o'clock.

Now came "the tug of war." The party *in* the house has always the advantage of that outside, and so we found it to our cost. If we endeavored to force an entrance with a center table we were met and driven back by a bureau and bookcase, till an hour had elapsed. At the end of that time the besieged surrendered and we took possession of the outworks, and gained the castle.

But my stars and—stripes! One would think we had been through the seven years war to examine our furniture to-day. I sit like Marius amid the ruins of Carthage, and muse upon what has been, but can never be again! The shade of my study lamp is knocked into flinders, my pet rocking-chair has been broken off, my mirror seems to have been used as a target far all the street boys to fire at, one breadth of my carpet is missing, and my writing-desk has gone to the shades.

My Franklin stove stands propped up on three legs, my guitar case looks as if it had seen the hardest kind of service, my box of books got rained into, and all the elegant bindings are spoiled, my portfolio of music has stepped out, and my Newfoundland has lost his collar, and got all his hair singed off from his ears and tail by stopping to play with the boys by street bonfires when he went to and fro with the cart.

I should rather think I had seen May Day enough to last me my lifetime. I'll look on and laugh if my good fortune lets me witness such a scene, but don't fancy me as one of the actors again! I have come to the wise conclusion that the day is like a woman's rights lecture—very good while you are a looker on, but not quite so funny when you have a finger in the pie yourself—and I move that May Day be abolished in city and country alike!

"All those in favor please manifest by the usual *sign*."

WHY are postage stamps like lazy school-boys? Because you have to lick their backs to make them stick to their letters.

SONG OF THE SUMMER WIND!

BY HARRY HALCYON.

I wooed a bud in a sunny clime,
The land of the flower and vine,
And I vowed to be true, if only I knew
The bud would consent to be mine!

But it sighed, and bent its tiny head,
Although not a blush I saw—
Like that upon the rose in its garden bed
Which the artists of Nature draw!

Yet I loved the bud in its opening hour,
And I whispered in accents low,
"Let me press thy sweet lips in this beauteous bower."
When the bud gently answered "No"—

"Yet stay—come to-mororw, and I'll grant thy request,"
And I did so, although hope had gloomed,
But when I returned the bud was not there,
Not there? no, indeed—*it had bloomed!*

Then I kissed the fair flower, and with gentle breath
Spread afar its rich fragrance and light,
Till Time cruelly doomed my blossom to death,
And left me alone with the Night!

ALBANY, May, 1856.

HEALTH RULES FOR CHILDREN.

A distinguished physician gives the following directions for the physical education of children:

1. In the first place, a child should be broken of the habit of standing on one leg in preference to the other. It should be made to stand on both alternately.

2. All other postures are to be avoided which tend to give predominance to one side, or to incline it always to the same side.

3. Exercises which promote the strength of the back should be systematically employed; exercises, however, in which the limbs are not weighted, but which consist in the assumption of a succession of attitudes. Much natural grace, and the ease of posture and gesture, are collaterally obtained by such practices, when judiciously selected.

4. The dress of a girl should not bind her chest, but should be, in fact, as light and incompressive as that of a boy, and as much indulgence in play and sportive amusement allowed as may be consistent with the habits it is right to encourage.

5. In sitting, when already tired, the child should rest well back on her chair, the spine resting against the back of the chair, thoroughly supported by it, and the seat of her chair reaching to the bend of the knees. Her feet should be equally supported.

Such are the precautions necessary to be observed against spinal curvature; and they are sufficient to prevent it. To remove it entirely, when it exists to any great extent, is impossible; to remedy it in part during growth, always practicable; to obliterate it at its commencement, not less so. The partial introduction, however, of other principles of treatment becomes necessary when curvature has begun.

In a note to an excellent article on physical education by Dr. Barlow, of Bath, in the *Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine*, Dr. Forbes adds, of his own observation, that in a school which he had inspected not one female child that had resided there two years had a straight spine!—a serious comment on the text—not to exclude from the education of girls that enjoyment of air and exercise which nature claims for them.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

There is but one disease to which female children are liable, and that is Education; as soon as the age arrives at which they are to be artificially trained to femininenesss of mind, and manners, and accomplishments, their strength and health are endangered. While boys are encouraged to pursue sports of increasing exertion, their sisters, whose bodily strength though not keeping pace with theirs, nevertheless requires exercise equal in proportion for its maintenance, are forbidden all that they need. The consequence is, that they are liable to become fragile and delicate. How their health is progressively impaired, this is not the place to teach. It is our present object only to point out in what its alterations originate, and how they may be prevented. But there is one alteration which follows so immediately and mechanically from neglect of exercise, and which tends so completely to counteract the objects for which the systems of artificial culture is pursued, that we may not pass it unnoticed. This is weakness of the back, followed by curvature of the spine.

The steps by which the spine ordinarily gives way are these. The child kept at its music-stool, or books, or drawing, has a weakened or aching back. The muscles of the spine have not been invigorated by the sportive exertions, and the various changes of attitude, which nature dictates. Wearied by its task, the next change is to stand listlessly beside its governess or in a drawing-room. What is the posture which it assumes? It is, of course, that which gives greatest ease to the languid muscles. The child stands with its weight supported on one leg, the body swayed to that side, the knee of the other side bent, and the hip lowered. The limb which it uses on this occasion for support is almost always the right limb; for this simple reason, that it is the strongest. And the child assumes the position at all times, because it is one of change from its former more rigid position, and because, in addition, the fascial structure of the limb takes off, in that posture, some of the strain from the muscles.

A UNIVERSAL LAW.—Every object in the animal and vegetable kingdom is subject to death. Every organized, living body loses, at some period, its vitality. Every flower, plant and tree, every living thing in the waters, in the air, in and on the surface of the earth, has a birth, a growth and a death. The separation of the human soul and body, therefore, is merely the carrying out of a law which prevails in every other department of animated nature.

THF LOST SHIP.

BY J. W. B.

Unloose thy tongue dark sea,
  Unbare thy heaving breast,
Speak of the missing ship,
  Speak of its place of rest.
Hast thou no feeling heart,
  No mercy in thy face?
Canst thou not give the land.
  One token or one trace?

Of all that gallant band,
  Who tracked thy surging main,
With throbbing, beating hearts
  To see their homes again;
Who flushed with joy and pride
  Saw Hope's star guide the way,
Till thou, insatiate sea,
  Quenched its cheerful ray?

Ye howling winds that burst
  Forth from the Boreal cave,
Demons of insatiate maw
  Tell of the lost and brave;
Did your anger overtake them,
  By your power did they die?
Speak, for a nation bids ye
  Tell where their ashes lie.

Ye crystal moving mountains,
  From Greenland's icy shore,
Tell of the noble, manly hearts
  The thousands now deplore.
Did you rush upon your prey
  At noonday or at night,
And crush it into atoms
  By your avalanche of might?

Toll, toll the mournful bell,
  For the loved, the true, the brave
Toll the solemn requiem
  For the dead beneath the wave;
Ye longing, anxious eyes
  Drop the scalding tear
For those that slumber now
  On their briny ocean bier.

CINCINNATI, April, 1856.

FLINT AND STEEL;

OR,

HOW THE SPARK OF LOVE WAS KINDLED.

BY MRS. MARY C. VAUGHAN.

> Love is its own great loveliness alway,
> And takes new luster from the touch of time;
> Its bough owns no December and no May,
> But bears its blossom into winter's clime.
>
> HOOD.

Betsy Flint was a spinster, not of uncertain age, for she would as soon have evaded the acknowledgement of any other fact as of the number of the years of her earthly pilgrimage. She was a trim, cheery body, whom every-body knew and loved and whom every-body called Aunt Betsy—the companions of her youth, now gray-haired fathers and mothers, as well as their blooming daughters and stalwart sons. Betsy owned broad acres in Chichester, and a nice, white farm-hoase, and thrifty looking barns and other buildings around it, seeming at a distance like a small hamlet nestled away beneath the green hill which rose far above them. She was the friend and comforter of all who knew her. Her hospitable home was always open to guests of every degree, and she was ever ready to leave it to attend the sick, or perform the last offices for the dying and the dead. She never left the suffering and the mourner until her services were no longer needed, for her thrifty hand-maidens kept all in order at home, and she had no anxieties for sick children or a cross husband to hurry her away from a half-finished task of consolation. In short, she was one of those universal and ubiquitous "aunts," who are supposed to be the property of the community where they live, and are fearlessly called upon for all sorts of services, from going to the dentist's with mother's darlings, to nursing the mothers themselves in their ailments; from helping to make wedding-cake and the bridal *trousseau*, to wiping the death-sweats from the brows of the dying, and wrapping the rigid limbs in the garments of the grave.

The people of Chichester had long ago ceased to wonder why Betsy did not marry. Within the memory of the younger people the possibility of such an event had not even been discussed, but the elders remembered that, long ago, when Betsy was a blithe maiden of eighteen, or twenty, it was supposed that she would marry Cecil Holmes. But after a year or two of frequent visits at the Flint farm he married Annie, the younger daughter, and took her away to the 'far west.' Some good people thought Betsy had "been disappointed" then, but as she replied to condolences and warded off inquiries with the same cheerful smile, they were so completely baffled that the subject was soon allowed to drop, and the nine days' wonder ceased. None knew that many tears had dimmed Betsy's eyes, and none guessed that there was thenceforth one chamber in her heart kept ready swept and garnished for one visitor alone for many years, but which had long since become the mausoleum of a dead hope.

Nothing had been heard, in Chichester, of Cecil Holmes or his wife for many years, when Aunt Betsy received a letter which caused her to leave her home, suddenly, and undertake a long journey. She was absent many weeks, and when she returned she was dressed in deep mourning and accompanied by a little girl, also in black. It was soon known that Cecil Holmes and his wife were both dead, and that Aunt Betsy had adopted their sole remaining and youngest child, little Lucy, and that Flint farm was henceforth to be her home.

Little Lucy was a beautiful and engaging child; she came like a sunbeam and lighted up the prim formalities of the old maid's house. Aunt Betsy had now an object for her superabundant kindness of heart, and lavished upon the child a wealth of love and tenderest care.

In Aunt Betsy's home Lucy grew up surrounded by every comfort. The best schools were sought out for her, and their choicest advantages procured: and at eighteen she returned to Flint farm as beautiful as her mother had been when Cecil Holmes first learned to love her, and far more accomplished. Before her return loads of new furniture had been brought to Flint farm, and a beautiful piano-forte placed in the best parlor or "out-room," and everything arranged and fitted up as if for the reception of the daughter of the house and an heiress. And an heiress Lucy was, of all Aunt Betsy's wealth, though from her parents she had inherited nothing. Her father, though a man of genius, and fitted by capacity for many spheres, had yet lacked the earnestness of purpose and perseverance in labor so necessary to success in any. Thus he had never been able, even with the assistance of his wife's wealth, to realize a fair income, and at last, having expended all he possessed in wild speculations and frequent migrations, he had died in poverty.

Flint farm was often gay with Lucy's city friends, after her return, and at length it was rumored in Chichester that she was about to be married to one of the gentlemen who had most frequently visited her.

Lilla Vale was Lucy's most intimate friend, for whom she had formed a school-girl attachment, which had been perpetuated into a more endearing love after both had left school. Chester Vale was Lilla's only brother and her guardian, for they were orphans. Chester was many years older than Lilla, and had never married. But when she left school he had formed an establishment, and installed her as the mistress of the house.

Here Lucy often visited her friend, and here she met Mr. Vale. He was so much her senior, and stood in so dignified a relation to Lilla that Lucy had never thought of him, even in the wildest flights of her romantic imagination, as one likely to become a suitor. When Lilla returned her friend's visits, she was usually accompanied by her brother. But while every observer in Chichester was convinced that he was Lucy's lover, Lucy herself remained unconscious of the fact; her sweet reliance upon, and innocent frankness with Lilla's brother being looked upon as something nearly akin to coquetry.

But the time came when Lucy was to be undeceived. One morning as they rode together through one of the shady Chichester roads, with the broad glancing river on one side, and the hill-slope, with its green forest fringe, on the other, Chester Vale declared his love, and asked her to become his wife.

Lucy looked up in his face and—I am afraid she was quite unromantic—she laughed merrily. The idea of becoming the wife of that lofty, dignified, middle-aged man, was one not to be seriously comprehended at first. She did not believe the proposal seriously meant—the whole thing seemed so ludicrous. To her, he was only Lilla's brother—nothing more, only the stateliest man she had ever met, not even excepting Parson Green.

But the pained and mortified glance which Chester Vale gave her, as he drew back in silence from her side, and allowed her to ride on before, at once enlightened her. It was now her turn for mortification. The blood flashed brightly over her fair brow, and the tears sprang to her eyes. She too was grieved. She was sorry that her silly mirth had given pain to a noble heart, and sorry that in her own she found no answering emotion to the love he had declared.

The pair rode on in silence for some distance, unheeding the murmuring river, or the rustle of the pines, or the bird music which had charmed them before. Suddenly Lucy turned her horse and rode back. She approached Chester's side, and laying her little hand upon his she said in a low tone, broken by her repressed tears:

"Mr. Vale, can you forgive me? I never dreamed of this, and indeed I did not think you in earnest. Pray forgive me."

He turned upon her a searching glance from those proud eyes wherein now rested the shadows of deep sadness. He looked at her for a few moments without speaking. Then he answered, gently:

"There is nothing to forgive, Lucy. I have been mistaken. My fond dream has faded away like a vision of the night. Forgive *me* for having ruffled the calm of your young existence."

Lucy made no reply, but leaning forward upon her clasped hands she burst into a passion of tears. He allowed her to weep for a time, then he drew her for one instant to his heart, and pressed a kiss upon her fair brow. Then he released her and they rode silently homeward.

There was the bustle of departure at Flint farm that afternoon. Lilla and Lucy clung tearfully to each other in a parting embrace. Good Aunt Betsy was full of regrets and wondered at the sudden departure of her guests. But Mr. Vale announced that his immediate return to Boston was necessary, and when all was ready he shook hands gravely with his kind hostess, bowed over Lucy's hand, and then silently took his place beside his sister in the family barouche, which was to convey them to the station.

A month after Chester Vale sailed for Europe, and, though Aunt Betsy wondered he had gone without proposing to her darling, and all Chichester was agog with gossip, no one knew the real facts, for Lucy kept his secret well. She was pained for him, but most of all she grieved over the sudden disruption of her attachment for Lilla. Lilla, who almost adored her brother, could never forgive her friend for not loving him also, and, after one reproachful letter, she ceased to write, and came no more to Flint farm.

Adjoining Flint farm lay the property of Jonathan Steel—hundreds of acres of fertile intervale, and wooded uplands. In his fine modern house Jonathan Steel lived alone with his only child, a son, and the numerous domestics, and laborers whom he employed. Some three years before Chester Vale declared his love for Lucy Holmes, Aunt Betsy had watched by the dying bed of Mrs. Steel, and performed the last offices of kindness. After her death Jonathan the younger, had been sent back to the school from which he had been summoned by his mother's illness and he had returned to his home at nearly the same time that Lucy returned to hers.

Of course from their near neighborhood he had known Lucy ever since she came to live at Flint farm; but, he was a modest youth, and kept aloof from her as long as her city friends remained at the farm. After her rejection of Chester Vale he ventured to visit her. She was almost deserted, for the summer days were passing away, and her city friends came no more; and the Chichester people, as is the wont in some country neghborhoods, made the frequent presence of these dashing visitors a pretext for complaining that Lucy Holmes scorned their humble company. Perhaps these facts made her welcome Jonathan Steel more warmly, but she was, at any rate, very glad to see him, and he, when he had once recovered from his bashfulness, knew well how to make himself agreeable. He was a handsome youth, and had a well-stored mind; and his frame, developed with athletic proportions by the healthy toil of the farmer, was a model of physical beauty.

It is not wonderful that, during the long New England winter, when he was almost Lucy's sole visitor, her old child-like friendship for him developed into a warmer regard. As for Jonathan Steel he had no need to learn to love Lucy. She had been his beautiful ideal of maidenhood all his life, and even when he most feared that the stately Chester Vale would bear her away to his proud halls, he had still faintly cherished the hope that she might be won to share his own humble fortunes. The tale of love-making has long grown stale, and I question whether a matter solely concerning the two actors should ever be divested of the sweet mystery with which they love to surround it.

It is enough, then, that Lucy was wooed and won, and, in the bright spring-time, amidst the song of birds, and all the perfumes, and soft airs, and delicate-hued beauties of newly-awakened nature, transferred to a new home, and taken more closely to a heart which beat proudly to know she was all its own.

After Lucy's departure Aunt Betsy was left alone at Flint farm. She was a stout-hearted little woman, but her life-object was removed when Lucy went, and for the first time, Aunt Betsy seemed to sink, to fail in health and spirits. It is true she could often visit her darling, but she no longer belonged to her, no longer relied upon her for protection, no longer needed her care. Flint farm was as desolate, almost, to its mistress as if Lucy had gone from its doors in the cerements of the grave instead of the white garments of a bride.

Aunt Betsy, too, though a wise woman had a few human weaknesses. She could not forget that in the far away days of her youth, Jonathan Steel, the elder, had been a suitor for her hand, a rejected suitor. True he had recovered from his disappointment and married another, a woman whom she had dearly loved and with whom she had lived many years in the interchange of neighbourly offices. But now that she was gone, somehow, Aunt Betsy could not divest herself of a sort of consciousness, not agreeable to her, and which marred the cheerful equanimity of her manner. Perhaps the gossips of Chichester had something to do with this, for they would whisper sly hints of the propriety of a double marriage, whenever Aunt Betsy spoke of her loneliness.

Strange to say Jonathan Steel, the elder, seemed scarcely less lonely than his neighbor. His son, of course, was all absorbed in his bride, whose arrival, also, had caused a change in all the domestic arrangements of the house. He felt as strange and companionless, almost, as he did in the earlier days of his bereavement.

It so happened that, at first from the want of some other society than his own thoughts, and, after a while, from a growing attraction to the fire-side, and cheery presence of the old maid, he was frequently seen wending his way across the fields by the path which led to Flint farm. Aunt Betsy learned to know his step upon the porch, and a warm blush would mantle her still comely cheek and she would turn away from the conscious glances of her household.

Thus matters progressed for several months. Jonathan Steel sat beside Aunt Betsy's hearth-stone almost as frequently as his own. The gossips wondered, and talked, and went into a fever of excitement which had its crisis and passed away. No chenge had taken place in the relations of the pair, and their affairs, becoming a stale topic amidst the furor caused by an elopement, a failure and a foundling left in a basket at a childless couple's door, were allowed to pass out of public notice.

Then it was that the ancient widower gathered courage to speak, and to lay the fragments of his once rejected heart at Aunt Betsy's feet. Aunt Betsy blushed and stammered, but she did not say no. She said to herself that she should miss the kindly old man from her fireside, and she would not for the world do anything to disturb the cordial relation of the two families. So she consented to become the wife of Jonathan Steel.

But she first told him all the sacred story of her early love and its trials. She told him how, when she had learned that the man, to whom she had given her young heart, lavishing eagerly upon him all the wealth of its love, had turned from her to her child-sister, she had yielded him up with an almost mortal pang, but yet with a cheerful smile. That she had prepared her sister for her wedding, and stood beside her when her vows were pledged to Cecil Holmes, and seen them depart to their far off home without once betraying her secret. That she had loved Cecil all her life—still loved his memory, and loved his daughter for his sake as well as for her own. Then she showed him some faded mementoes of that far-away happy time upon which no other eye had gazed and asked him if, as his wife, she might still retain them.

Jonathan Steel had always been a practical man, and now he was an old one. So he said that he had no wish to root out the memory of her ancient lover. They were old people, now, he said, and as they had a thorough knowledge of each other, and he believed a thorough mutual respect, he was satisfied without talking of love. With the days of youth had passed its hopes, its enjoyments and its trials. The question was whether they—two old people, with a common interest in the younger ones of Steel farm—could not live more happily together than apart, now that they were left comparatively alone by the late marriage of his son with Lucy Holmes.

Aunt Betsy thought they could. So married they were, and henceforth Jonathan Steel, the elder, established himself at Flint farm, leaving his place to the occupation of the younger couple.

No one observes any change in Aunt Betsy, either in appearance or habits, except that she has donned the matronly cap with its rustling ribbands, and sits, on Sunday, in Mr. Steel's pew instead of her own. She says, too, that she has learned to love her good husband dearly, and asserts that she is quite as happy as ever she dreamed of being in her days of romance, when Cecil Holmes was the personification of all that was beautiful and noble.

There are two of the happiest families in Chichester at Flint farm and Steel farm. United in the bonds of true affection, as by those of blood, they live peacefully together. Lucy's children are not more at home upon the paternal hearth than upon that where their mother was brought an orphan to be cherished by the good woman whom they love to call grandmother. And beloved and respected still, by all, Aunt Betsy moves calmly on towards the end of her life pilgrimage.

CAMPING OUT IN TEXAS.

A New Yorker, who has been traveling in Texas, is eloquent in his anathemas of the reptiles and vermin of that celebrated State. "It was only a few nights since," he says, "that I pitched my tent on the banks of the Colorado. I thought I had selected a good clear spot for my blankets, and was about to turn in, when I heard a rattle that nearly made me jump out of my skin. *There he was*, not three feet from my blanket, taking a good look at my dog, that had come a little too close to his reptile-ship. Where the 'varmint' came from the Lord only may know; I'm certain it was not there half an hour before. I called my negro boy, Ben, and we killed the snake. Ben had scarcely disappeared, with the reptile's limp and shining carcase swinging in his hand, when I saw crawling slowly up the side of my tent what looked to me like the father of all the spiders. Ben was again summoned. As soon as he spied the new visitor, he exclaimed 'O gorra, massy! don't touch him; he's a *trantulam;* wait till I slosh him on de kope.' After he had killed the tarantula, Ben tried to calm my agitation by assuring me that its bite is so deadly, nothing but two quarts of whiskey 'drank at one pull,' will cure it. As I hadn't more than three moderate drinks left, and it was fifty miles to the nearest settlement, I was about to inform Ben that he was a poor comforter, when I saw something that looked like a little 'fiddler' (such as abound on the sea-shore in these parts) with a tail to it, crawling over my shirt bosom. My first impulse was to brush the thing away with my hand, which I did; and instantaneously I felt as though a needle had been run into the end of my finger and shoved up to my elbow. The pain made me start to my feet; but Ben only laughed and said, 'Dat's a *scorripin*—you mus'n't touch *him*." My finger swelled to the thickness of a good-sized sausage, and would doubtless have pained me excruciatingly, had I not, with great presence of mind, instantly applied my three drinks of whiskey internally, with such soothing effect that I knew nothing more until ten o'clock the next morning; and if rattlesnakes, tarantulas and scorpions bit and stung me while *that Texas whiskey* was operating, they got the worst of it."

"ORDERS."

Judging from numerous placards and advertisements, we might be easily led to entertain the opinion that the public was a very disorderly military company. One self-appointed officer orders the public to "keep posted;" another orders them to buy ointment or syrup or bitters or pills or coffins; a third orders them to purchase at once a lot of excellent vinegar, a daguereotype, a salamander safe, a gridiron, a set of fancy teeth, &c., &c. We have often suspected that the confusion and numerous collisions in our streets were caused by the anxiety of people to do as they are bid. One hurries in one direction in obedience to one order, another rushes in the opposite direction in obedience to another order. Orders are so numerous that the people are always out of order.

A LOW VOICE IN WOMAN.

Yes, we agree with that old poet, who said that a low, soft voice was an excellent thing in woman. Indeed, we feel inclined to go much farther than he has on the subject, and call it one of her crowning charms. How often the spell of beauty is rudely broken by coarse, loud talking! How often you are irresistibly drawn to a plain, unassuming woman, whose soft silvery tones render her positively attractive. In the social circle, how pleasant it is to hear a woman talk in that low key which always characterises the true lady. In the sanctuary of home how such a voice soothes the fretful child and cheers the weary husband.

THE SWAN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HERDER—BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

"Must I alone be mute and songless?" as he bathed in the blue waters, beneath the setting sun. "I, alone among the feathered tribes? Is there not the chattering goose,—and the clucking hen,—and the shrieking peacock, and the croaking raven? True, I envy not their melodies, but oh! tender nightingale, I cannot but envy thee, as I glide slowly through the lake, and drink thy sweet strains. Were thy voice mine, how would I sing of thy glory—golden evening sun, and of my own happiness, and in this fair mirror of thy crimson light, bathe and die."

Enraptured as if already partaking the joy he had imagined, the swan sank gently beneath the surface of the tide. Scarcely had he emerged, when he saw upon the bank, a shining beckoning form; the god of the morning and evening star, the beautiful Apollo.

"Graceful creature, said he, in a tuneful voice, "the wish so long cherished, is granted thee."

As he ceased speaking, he touched the swan with his lyre, and bestowed upon him, the song of an immortal. Freed and happy, Apollo's bird sang of the glorious sunset—the unfathomable sea, and his own innocent life. Lovely as his form, was the prolonged, harmonious strain. Floating on through rippling rare-echoed waters, he found himself in Elysium, at the feet of his tutelary deity, clothed with an enduring, heavenly beauty.

The melody denied him in life, had become his death-song. It was necessary that its sweetness should dissolve his earthly existence, for he had heard the call, and looked upon the countenance of a god. Full of rapturous gratitude he bent at the feet of Apollo, and paid homage.

Suddenly, was a gleam of light, and his true love appeared. In a burst of strange, flowing song, she had mourned herself away, and followed him. Side by side they stood—to be parted no more. The goddess of purity, adopted them both, as her favorite attendants. Still may they be seen—as the beautiful pair in her shell-carriage—when she bathes in the sea of immortal faith.

So, be then patient, oh pious-trusting soul. What in life was wisely denied thee, because of thy weakness—thy darkness—shall be given thee at death, and made immortal.

INGENIOUS ROGUERY.

The London Athenæum says: A correspondent, who is interested in autographs, sends us an account of a curious case of autograph collecting, which occured in France some little time ago, although only recently brought to light. An ingenious rogue, being rather badly off, as rogues often are, hit upon a mode of replenishing his exchequer by means of a novel description of begging letter. Feigning himself to be in the deepest mental distress, overwhelmed with an accumulation of agonizing miseries, which had driven him to absolute despair, he professed himself to be utterly disgusted with life, and on the point of terminating his troubles by committing suicide. In this state of mind he pathetically entreated the person addressed to inform him confidentially what he really thought of the right of the overburdened wretch to 'shuffle off this mortal coil.' Having crowded into his letter all the touching and miserable words at his command, he wrote copies of it to many of the most distinguished persons in Europe. In due time answers came crowding in. Espartero replied laconically, 'Sir, I do not advise you to kill yourself. Death is a bullet which we must all encounter, sooner or later, in the battle of life; and it is our part to wait for it patiently.'

Others—good-natured men—filled the four sides of their sheet of paper with the high teachings of lofty philosophy, or with sound religious advice—replete with studied argument and amiable eloquence. The answer of Lacordaire was a masterpiece of evangelical persuasion. He offered to confer with the poor despairing wretch, and entreated him, with the warmest sympathy, to dismiss forever from his mind all thoughts of his meditated crime. Such letters were the very things which the impudent rascal wanted. As soon as received, they were taken off to a dealer in autographs, who purchased them at prices proportioned to the notoriety of the writer, and the length of his effusion—five, ten, twenty, and even fifty francs a-piece. The trick was brought to light by a Collector chancing to buy three of the answers. Finding them all upon one theme, his curiosity was excited; he called upon the dealer to inquire into their history, and found that he had in his collection—all purchased in a few days—five-and-forty similar letters. The whole were secured at the price of six hundred francs. Amongst them are what the Collectors call 'admirable specimens' of Montalembert, Cardinal Antonelli, J. Fennimore Cooper, Xavier de Maistre, Sophia Gay, Abd el Kader, Armand, Marrast, Alexander Humboldt, Tony, Johanna, Taglioni, Henri Heine, Alfred de Vigny, Rachel, Sontag, Charles Dickens, Emily Souvestre, George Sand, Jules Lacroix, and many others.

IMPORTANT ADVICE.

Do not venture into a sick room if you are in a violent perspiration; for the moment your body becomes cold it is in a state likely to absorb the infection; nor visit a sick person (if the complaint be of a contagious nature) with an empty stomach, nor swallow your saliva. In attending a sick person, place yourself where the air passes from the door or window to the bed of the invalid, not between the invalid and the fire, as the heat of the fire will draw the infectious vapor in that direction, and you would run much danger from breathing in it.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 24.

Terms of the Ledger, Two Dollars per annum; two copies, for Three Dollars; payable invariably in advance. No subscriptions taken for a less period than one year.

No Travelling Agents.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party pretends hereafter to act as such you can put him down as a swindler. The best way to get our paper is at the book and periodical stores; but if you happen not to be within reach of one, then you can send us two dollars, and we will mail it to you.

The Gun-Maker of Moscow will not be published in book form; nor will we, as a general thing, allow our Stories to be issued elsewhere than in our own columns. If you want, therefore, to preserve the Stories you must preserve the Ledger.

The New York Ledger can be obtained at all the periodical and newspaper stores throughout the United States and Canada.

To Correspondents.—We cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts.

AIR CASTLES.

Every person occasionally indulges in the delightful occupation of building "castles in the air." The young and the imaginative are most prone to raise these airy structures. Their own future is a land of clouds and shadows which fancy shapes and colors and transforms into an earthly Paradise. The future is their "land of promise, flowing with milk and honey,"—their oasis in the desert, where eternal sunshine reigns, where peace and plenty and every luxury dwell, where care, and toil, and weariness, and suffering, are unknown. There they hope to spend their declining years in the enjoyment of the riches gathered in the prime of life, surrounded by troops of friends, and in the society of a loving partner and smiling children. The delightful prospect cheers them in their daily struggles, encourages them to perseverance, sustains them under disappointment and suffering, rouses them to effort, and they press forward with eagerness to enter their air-built castle, to enjoy its treasures and to repose amidst the happy scenes which their fancy strews along the vale of life. Still hoping, they toil on and on from day to day, from year to year, from youth to manhood, from manhood to old age—then the castle which they had raised for themselves, "their baseless fabric of a vision, melts into thin air," and the evening of life, like its morning, is spent in the midst of cold, stern realities. Yet, even then, imagination does not cease to build its castles. The aged have their waking dreams as well as the young. They renew the pleasures of their own youth in building castles for their children. Far away in the distant future, parents behold their sons and daughters revelling in the enjoyment of that happiness which they have pursued during the entire journey of life. And thus it has been in every past age, and thus it will be in every age to come. Each generation, as it rises into existence, casts a longing eye to the bright, air-built castles which are always moving before it down the stream of time, and the world never ceases to hope and to toil for a "good time coming."

Every person builds his castle to please his own fancy. The avaricious merchant beholds in the distance his business established on a sure foundation, and gold flowing from every quarter into his coffers like so many streams of happiness. He builds for himself and his family a castle of gold. Unwise aspirants after power or fame behold themselves standing on a lofty eminence and nations gazing at their greatness and admiring the talent or genius displayed in the structures they have raised. Their castle is composed of the breath of their fellow men. The philanthropist beholds the whole earth changed into a Paradise, and man restored to his primeval purity, standing as a divine temple in the midst of its glories. May his dream be realized!

Work—work—work, and if you work *wisely*, your brightest visions in time will be less than your realities in eternity.

CARRYING CONCEALED WEAPONS.

Hardly a day passes that we do not read of somebody's being shot in an affray about some foolish trifle, owing to the fact that one or both of the parties carried concealed weapons. One day, a common rowdy is the victim; another, a peaceful citizen is murdered; then, it is a Congressman who shoots or gets shot. Not one quarrel in a hundred would terminate thus tragically, were not deadly weapons at hand, ready to the murderous gripe of those whom passion for the time transforms to beasts. Hence the wisdom of the law forbidding the carrying of deadly weapons. And why is not this law enforced? Or, why, at least, are not its penalties inflicted upon those who violate it? Every man who carries arms in a peaceful community, is not only a coward, but a premeditating assassin, and should be punished without mercy. He who has so much of the savage in his breast that he will thus stealthily hug to his bosom a deadly weapon, wherewith to take an unfair advantage of his fellow-man, should be hunted from society. Obedience to the law, and willingness to have one's wrongs adjusted by a due legal course, instead of by a resort to personal violence and bloodshed, are the keystones of society and civilization; and he who is not willing to abide by these fundamental principles, should be made to feel that they can be violated only at a fearful cost.

SUCCESS MAKES ENEMIES.

They who are eminently successful in business, or who achieve greatness, or even notoriety, in any pursuit, must expect to make enemies. So prone to selfishness, to petty jealousy and sordid envy, is poor human nature, that whoever becomes distinguished is sure to be a mark for the malicious spite of those who, not deserving success themselves, are galled by the merited triumph of the more worthy. Moreover, the opposition which originates in such despicable motives, is sure to be of the most unscrupulous character; hesitating at no iniquity—descending to the shabbiest littleness. Opposition, if it be honest and manly, is not in itself undesirable. It is the whetstone by which a highly-tempered nature is polished and sharpened; and the competitor in life's struggle who is of the true metal, deprecates not opposition of such a character, but rather rejoices in it, as the brave warrior exults in a foeman worthy of his steel. It is only injustice or meanness which wounds; and it is this which the successful must meet, proportioned in bitterness, oftimes, to the measure of success which excites it.

If man thus requires a heart of steel to breast the poisoned shafts which shall be shot at him, alas for the *woman* who is compelled to venture from the cover of private life, if she have talents sufficient to command success! The world is ungenerous and unjust to her sex, and the cowardly are ever eager to persecute the more weak and defenceless. If man be belied, he is not condemned without some show of trial; but in the case of woman, *accusation*, from however low a source, is too apt to be *conviction*.

Shall none then strive to rise? Is it better to walk the beaten path, and remain unknown? Great intellects and brave hearts will answer—No! The day of justice may lag, but it will surely come. The wrongs of the present shall be compensated by the impartial judgment of the future. Let petty calumniators, then, have their brief day, and vent their paltry spite.

UNHAPPY HOMES.

Buffalo, May 5, 1856.

Mr. Ledger:—Seeing you are such a good hand to give advice, I'll ask for some for myself. What is a good rule for the behavior of a young bride who wishes to make her husband happy? Some of my old schoolmates who have married, have unhappy homes; although they try hard to do right, somehow things will go wrong, and unhappiness follows. Is there not some way to "make a sure thing" of happiness? Pray advise me.

Emma.

Resolve every morning to be *cheerful that day at all events*; and should anything occur to break your resolution, do not suffer it to put you out of temper with your husband. Dispute not with him, be the occasion what it may; but much rather deny yourself the satisfaction of having your own will, or gaining the better of an argument, than risk a quarrel or create a heart-burning, which it is impossible to see the end of. Be scrupulously neat at all times, and never let your husband see you in a soiled garment or with tumbled hair. A clean collar has a strong hold on a man's affections. Implicit submission in a man to his wife is disgraceful to both; but implicit obedience in a wife to the *just* will of her husband is what she promises at the altar—what the good will revere her for; and what is, in fact, the greatest honor she can receive. "Emma" may be assured, that a wife's *power*, as well as her *happiness*, has no other safe foundation than her husband's esteem and love, which it is her interest, by all possible means, to preserve and increase. Her duty is to share and soothe his cares, and, with the utmost assiduity, conceal his errors.

We have of course taken it for granted that "Emma" has a good, true-hearted husband, who is worth loving, and who could appreciate such devotion in a wife, as we have hinted at. If she has not such an one, her chance for happiness will be precarious, whatever she does.

Don't Take Offence.—We daily receive more manuscripts than would fill half a dozen papers like the Ledger, and if we are compelled to pass hundreds of them over into the waste basket, correspondents must not take offence thereat. We do not solicit contributions, and hence voluntary contributors have no claim upon our time. It is enough in all conscience for one man to do to attend to a paper with *one hundred and nineteen thousand circulation*, without being compelled to read every article that Tom, Dick, or Harry—Jane, Mary, or Eliza, may send him, and give written opinions thereon. To consent to any such arrangement would occupy all our time, and that, of course, would be out of the question. This will explain to several hundred contributors the reason why we have not answered their communications.

South Cartright, April 22, 1856.

Mr. Ledger:—Suppose you were engaged to a young lady who has been reared in ease and elegance, and your income was not sufficient to sustain her in this course of living, would it be more proper to marry her at once, or wait until you had acquired property sufficient to support her as she desires?

A. P.

It is indiscreet for a man ever to marry a woman who is not perfectly willing to live within his income; it is also unwise to marry a woman, who, by becoming your wife, is forced into a station of life much less comfortable than that in which she had previously lived, unless her love be so fervid and her common-sense and judgment so strong, that they will support her under whatever discomforts she may be subjected to.

A Poor Man's Comfort.—It is a blessed thing for a poor man to have a contented wife; one who will not wish to live in a style beyond her husband's income, just because her next door neighbor does; one who can be happy in the love of her husband, her home, and its beautiful duties, without asking the world for its smiles or its favor.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congres, in the year 1855, by R. Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

JENNY AND THE BUTCHER.

A TRUE STORY.

FOR THE LITTLE READERS OF THE LEDGER.

Little Jenny was an only child. Now I suppose you think she was a great, petted cry-baby. "Petted," she certainly was, but all the petting in the world could not spoil Jenny. If you should miss her from the parlor, ten to one she would be found binding a wet napkin round the forehead of her mother's cook, to cure her headache, or applying a bit of court-plaster to her cut finger. Sally used to say that the dark, underground kitchen seemed to grow lighter whenever Jenny flitted through it with her sunshiny face. Now, perhaps, you think that Jenny was a beauty; there, again, you are mistaken; for she had light-blue-gray eyes, a pug-nose, and a freckled skin. But what of that? Did it ever enter your head when you kissed your mamma whether she was handsome or not? Is not every person whom we *love* handsome to us? Certainly. And I would defy anybody to be with Jenny ten minutes, and not love her. Even the milkman, who brought such a wholesome odor of clover and hay-fields into the city kitchens, always had a pretty little nosegay slily tucked away among his milk-cans for Jenny. A ball-room belle might have turned up her nose at it; for often it was only a simple bunch of red and white clover, with one or two buttercups to brighten it up; but to Jenny it was quite as beautiful as the scentless hot-house Camelia—yes—and more so; for a Camelia always reminds one of a beautiful woman without a soul.

Then—beside the milkman, there was Shagbark, the grocer's boy, for whom Jenny had once opened the back gate, when Sally's hands were in the dough; I should like to have counted the great three-cornered nuts he used to empty on the kitchen table, from his pockets, for Jenny, every time he brought in a pound of tea or sugar. Oh—I can tell you, that a good-humored, smiling face, and a voice made musical by a kind heart, are worth all the beautiful Camelia faces that ever peeped from under a green veil.

Jenny was quite a little musician. She could hum tunes correctly before she could speak plain; and as soon as she was big enough to reach her little hands up to the piano keys, she began to play "by ear," for she could not read a note of music. When she heard fine singing, it seemed to throw her into an ectasy of pleasure; her plain face grew so luminous and beautiful, that you would hardly know it to be little freckled Jenny. Her kind father and mother procured her good teachers, and Jenny was not discouraged at the idea of practising, as, I am sorry to say, are some little girls; for she knew that nothing great is ever attained without patient labor; and long before even Sally was up in the morning, Jenny would be running up and down the scales, as fast as her little fat fingers could fly. Sally used to say, as she set the breakfast table, that "she did not like that tune as well as Yankee Doodle." This made Jenny laugh very heartily, but she did not pain Sally by calling her an ignoramus for saying so. And so things went on very pleasantly in Jenny's home, as is always the case, where each one strives to make the other happy.

Little Jenny was in the habit of watching for her father to come home; and when she heard his step in the hall, she would bound down stairs like a little antelope, and jump into his arms, and kiss his face, just as if it were not all covered with beard, whiskers, mustaches and things. One day she seated herself at the front window, as usual, to wait his turning the corner of the street which led toward the house. "There he comes!" exclaimed Jenny; and then her little hands fell at her side, and she bent her head forward, and pressed her bright face close to the window pane. *Was*—that—her—papa, walking so slowly, like an old man, his head bent down upon his breast, and never one look for his little girl? He must be sick—and Jenny ran down stairs, and out at the front door, to meet him on the threshold.

When she asked him, "was he sick?" he said "No;" but his voice trembled, and a great warm tear fell on Jenny's face, as he bent over her; and as he turned from her to meet her mamma, Jenny heard him say, "God shield the little lamb;" then Jenny's mamma told her that "she had better go and practice her music lesson;" and then Jenny's father and mother had a long—long talk; and when they came into dinner, her mamma's eyes were red with weeping, and her father looked as though he had had a fit of sickness.

Little Jenny asked no questions, for she had a great deal of delicacy, and she knew that if it was proper she should know what troubled her father, that he would tell her; but every time he helped his little daughter to any thing at the table, she would kiss his hands, and at the dessert, she put the biggest orange and largest bunch of grapes upon his plate. Her papa's heart seemed too full to thank her, but his eyes brimmed with tears, as he laid his hand on her little brown head.

The truth was, Jenny's father had failed, and lost all his money; and when he looked at Jenny, and thought that he might die before he could earn any more, and leave her, and her mamma, helpless in the world, it was too bitter a thought for him to bear: then the people to whom he owed the money which he had hoped to pay, were coming to take away all the furniture, and fine things; and Jenny's favorite piano, of course, must go with the rest; and he could not find heart to say a word to her about it.

Well—the day came, on which all the things were to be sold; and nobody *yet* had had courage to tell Jenny—good little Jenny, who never gave a minute's pain to anybody in her life, not even to a little fly. Jenny wondered what made Sally, and all the family, look so strangely at her, but she was put off with excuses of one kind and another, and so the bewildered child went to her dear old friend the piano, for comfort.

As she was playing, she heard a strange voice in the hall; then the door opened, and her father came in with the butcher, of whom he had purchased all the meat for the family since they had lived in that house.

Then—Jenny's father put his arm around his little girl, and told her, that the butcher had come to take her piano for some money which he owed him. Jenny looked at her father as though she could not believe her ears—then she looked at the piano—then at the butcher—while great tears gathered slowly in her eyes.

Now, the butcher was a great rough fellow, with a fist like a sledge hammer, and a voice like a bass drum; he had killed many a fat little calf, and bleating lamb, in his day; but he had never met such a sweet, pleading, tearful look, as Jenny gave him that minute, and he melted down under it, just like a pile of snow when the warm sun kisses it.

Rubbing the corner of his white butcher's frock into his eyes, and turning to Jenny's father, he said,

"*I'm* not the fellow to take that little girl's piano away from her;—and what's more, I wont!" and before Jenny could thank him, he, and the carman whom he had brought to carry away the piano, were through the door, and out of sight.

Now should'nt you like to *hug* that butcher? I should. I tell you what it is, the best hearts are oftenest found under the roughest coats; and this, Jenny's father and mother very soon found out, for the gay people who had eaten their dinners and drank their wine, took flight as soon as Poverty came in and sat down at the table with them.

The good butcher did not lose sight of Little Jenny, I promise you; he not only forgave her father's debt, but offered to lend him some money to begin business again. What do you think of that?

Bye and bye Jenny grew up a big girl, and learned a deal more about music; then she gave lessons on her piano, and helped her father, and beside that, played the organ on Sunday in one of the churches. This was very lucky, for her father, through disappointment and too close attention to business, was taken sick, and was unable to earn any more money. Bye and bye trouble overtook the good butcher too, and he had a long, and painful, and expensive sickness. Did Jenny forget her benefactor now? Did she draw down her face and her purse-strings, and tell him to "trust in Providence?" Did she try to hunt up some fault, which he might at some time in his life have committed, and make that a cover for her parsimony, and an excuse for not helping him in his necessity?—Not she. She stood by his bed, gave him his medicines, brought him wine, jellies and broths, sang to him, read to him, prayed God to save his life, and was as much of an angel as she could be, and be flesh and blood. But the good butcher died, and left a little orphan daughter. Oh, how far the influence of one good deed may reach! He had not laid up money for her in "The Bank of Commerce," or "The City Bank," or "The Exchange Bank," but he had laid it up in the Bank of Heaven by his many benevolent and charitable deeds, and God remembered it; and Jenny took the little weeping Susy home, and fed her, and clothed her, and sent her to school, and taught her to sing and play; and none who listen to the sweet voice, or look upon the sweet face, of the butcher's daughter, as she sings in one of our great churches of a Sunday, knows this little story that I have been telling you.

Oh, *never* believe, dear children, that a good deed goes unrewarded. Angels bend to see it, and a richer, sweeter song rings through the golden streets of Heaven, whenever the strong, loving hand of compassion is held out to the weak, unfortunate and despairing.

Fanny Fern.

A FERN LEAF FOR THE MEN.

"By your leave, gentlemen."—Old Play.

The men have all had a time of it over the women's fashions. All right—they *are* ridiculous—but how is it with the *men's*? They don't approve of hoops. Every mother's son of 'em wears a strip of morocco, or some other stiffening in the hems of his trouser-legs, to make them stand out. Don't I know?

They disapprove of superfluous trimmings on ladies' bonnets: Well and good; but they have all made *footmen* of themselves this spring, by wearing a broad band of black velvet "all around their hat." Don't I know?

They think ladies' dresses should suit their style, size and figure: Do they? Every male Anakim you meet wears the waist of his coat up under his arm-pits, because his tailor tells him to. Don't I know?

They are disgusted with the lengthened skirts of ladies' dresses: They, themselves, go waddling about the streets with their coat-tails flapping against their heels, till a Roman Catholic priest, or an Andover Theological Student, is a fool to 'em. Don't I know?

Of course, they never step into Phalon's to have their locks twisted with the curling tongs, under pretence of "getting Shampooed"——Pooh!

Of course, they don't diligently read the newspaper all the time, and then ask the barber, with an innocent start of astonishment, when he gets through, "What the d—ogs he has been doing to their hair?" Oh no!

Of course, the *military* gentlemen never pad out the breasts of their coats till they look like trussed Thanksgiving turkeys! Oh no!

Of course, the men never wear false mustaches, or "gutta percha paddings for lantern jaws," and never dye their whiskers, or beards, or hair, every Saturday night, and refuse all invitations to visit, the *latter part* of the week! Oh no! Sensible fellows, every mother's son of 'em. Bless—their—p-r-e-c-i-o-u-s, g-r-e-a-t, b-i-g s-o-u-l-s!

Fanny Fern.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A French paper gives an account of a horrid murder, or rather slaughter, which was lately perpetrated in a town of the much-talked of Danubian Principalities. A Moldavian, in a fit of rage and intoxication, killed his entire family, consisting of a wife, two sons, and three daughters, by severing their heads from their bodies with a Turkish yataghan, or small curved sword. The monster was condemned to be beheaded.

An English paper states that a poor boy having "pitched into" and soundly thrashed the Prince of Wales for purposely upsetting the former's basket of shells, Victoria made provision for the plucky little fellow's thorough education, and told her own son she hoped that for any similar conduct on his part he would ever meet such merited chastisement. Admirable Queen.

It is stated that the way Napoleon "did" the English and made them make peace, he pretended to be in favor of prosecuting the war vigorously in Central Europe, and said the Rhine must again be the boundary of France. Rather than have aided in bringing about such a result, John Bull would have made peace on almost any terms.

Mr. Herbert, a Member of Congress from California, shot the head waiter of Willard's Hotel, in Washington, a few evenings since, killing him instantly. The trouble arose from Mr. Herbert's insisting on the waiter's violating a rule of the Hotel, by furnishing him breakfast, after breakfast hours, without an order from the office.

An unprincipled couple named Brown, have been "bleeding" a wealthy New Yorker for several years; having got over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars out of him altogether, They first got him entangled with the blandishments of Mrs. Brown, and then threatened exposure; but he has at last rebelled and prosecuted them for extortion.

A few days since, a careless fellow, in attempting to make room to pass along Pier No. 11, North River, backed a splendid horse, valued at $500, attached to an express wagon, into the river. It was with very great difficulty that the noble animal was rescued.

The salary of the Queen of England is £385,000, or nearly *two millions of dollars*, a year. This is exclusive of large hereditary revenues which amount to over a million and a half more; making, in all, the enormous income of over three and a half millions of dollars.

A drunken fellow named Richard Black, living in Indiana, recently cut his wife's and his two children's throats, because his wife would go to prayer-meetings, and then tried to hang himself but failed. It is to be hoped the sheriff will succeed better, in carrying out the wretch's intention.

A correspondent of an English paper, writing from Bergen in Norway, states that considerable excitement had been occasioned in that part of the world by reports that a large ship had been drawn into the Maelstroom, or great whirlpool, and destroyed.

It has lately been decided in the Circuit Court of Rochester, N. Y., that a society can recover the amounts subscribed by parties on a subscription paper, and judgment was given against such a subscriber for $300, and costs of the suit.

The Russians were so dissatisfied with the peace, that the Emperor had to go to Moscow and make an oily speech to allay the ill-feeling of the citizens. Even despotic Emperors now-a-days have to "explain matters" to the people.

Count Nesselrode, who recently resigned his office as Minister of Foreign Affairs to the Emperor of Russia, is said to have an income of over three hundred thousand dollars a year. He is seventy-six years old.

The report that Ruric Nevel, the celebrated Gun-Maker of Moscow, has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Russian army, by the Fmperor Alexander, is without foundation.

A young Custom House officer of this city, who forgot Solomon's injunction respecting "strange women" was stabbed by one, at her house, a few days since, and it is thought he will die of the wound.

WIT AND HUMOR.

"If you ever think of marrying a widow, my son," said an anxious parent to his heir, "select one whose *first* husband was hung; that is the only way to prevent her throwing his memory in your face, and making annoying comparisons." "Even that won't prevent it," exclaimed a crusty old bachelor; "she'll then praise *him*, and say *hanging would be too good for you*."

"If you don't stop that infernal nonsense, I'll flog you," said an exasperated father to one of his boys that was constantly making puns. "Why, father, you don't mean to say that you'll *pun*-ish me for *pun*-ing, do you? for if I'm *pun*-ish-ed for every *pun*-i-shed, I shall soon become a *pun*-y (puny) boy." The father is now in a lunatic asylum.

"Why is the New York Ledger like your shawl?" asked Horace Greeley of Fanny Fern, the other evening at the Opera, pointing, as he spoke, to her scarlet shawl. Fanny couldn't tell. "Because it is *read*" (red) said Horace, with a graceful bow, as he turned to introduce the Turkish Ambassador.

A sentimental butcher, on seeing the old church in Franklin-street turned into a meat market, remarked, with a sigh, "Of a verity the spirit hath yielded to the flesh."

It is said that Dr. Kane, the Arctic explorer, on being importuned to hasten the publication of the book on his late expedition, replied that he was not a hurry-Kane.

Why had Cleopatra no need of a pocket in which to keep her handkerchief? Because she kept her wiper (viper) in her bosom.

"Now, papa, tell me what is humbug?" "It is," replied papa, "when mamma pretends to be very fond of me, and puts no buttons on my shirt."

Why are women so partial to thin shoes? Because they dislike thick understandings.

What drowns more men than the ocean? The wine-cup.

THE SIMPLE SONG OF CHILDHOOD.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Sing, dearest love, the witching strain
Of childhood's happy hours,
When hope was nestled in the heart
As dew within the flowers;
For visions bright before me float,
A wild tumultuous throng;
As gently falls upon my ear
The echoes of that song.

I listen—and the tide of years
Forgets its time-worn track,
And at the welcome, simple strain
Swift rolls its waters back;
All cares of life flee far away,
Like moonlight on a stream,
Or as a vision of an hour,
Within a troubled dream.

Sweet childhood's song—it is a sound
Beyond all skill or art,
For none but it can reach the chords
That vibrate in the heart;
And as it strikes upon the strings,
Sweet memories arise,
Which seem to come on angel's wings,
Descending from the skies.

As divers plunging in the sea,
Beneath the mighty waves,
Will bring to view the pearls and gems
Hid in the coral caves;
So childhood's pure and simple strain,
Will from sweet memory's cell,
Bring forth the beauties of the past
Which there in silence dwell.

Then sing again that song to me,
That dear, familiar strain,
Whose echoes lull my soul to rest,
And calm my fevered brain;
It falls upon my weary heart
Like dew upon the flowers,
And once again I taste the bliss
Of childhood's happy hours.

BALTIMORE, Md., May, 1856.

NORMA DANTON;

OR THE

ORPHAN OF THE LIGHT HOUSE

TALE OF FRAUD AND REVENGE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—CONTINUED.

The magnetizer's discomposure disturbed the subject so that for a little she wandered in fearful restlessness from the point, but power of will was quickly regained by the brave-hearted woman. A pass or two buried the girl again in the depths of futurity and she went on, observing first, "she does'nt like to look. He takes the keen blade, looks at it shining in the one ray of light admitted through his dungeon grate, tries its fine point and edge with his emaciated fingers, and then stung to desperation with a dream of the hangman's hands about his throat, he thrusts it quickly into his neck just at the point where he first struck his victim at the side of the pit in the dark night, and the blood bubbles from the wound. He is a coward! He does not deserve to die yet for he shrieks with the pain, and the keeper's watchful ear detects him before his design is complete. They bind up the wound and pinion his hands to prevent him from doing himself further injury, till the law shall revenge itself on his mutilated body."

"What more," said the woman.

"Don't ask, it will hurt you to hear."

"No, no, all, all," she replied, passing her hand slowly and tremulously over the girl's head, face and shoulders. The muscles were tense and cold as ice. She resumed, "she sees a scaffold, crowds of men, women and children are trying to catch a glimpse of the law's engine of torture, she don't like to see them, they're all so greedy with the hunger of destruction and the pure, young children whom the angels hover 'round, are held up by their thoughless mothers, who point out with a keen finger to their wandering, innocent eyes 'the gallows tree.'"

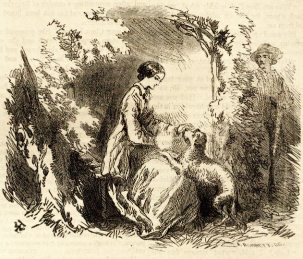
"Oh! God, they cannot comprehend the awful terror, and it gives a vicious pulse to their young hearts which might else have been all harmony. Women, mothers with babes upon their bosoms, look on and thrill with delighted horror as the arm of the law performs its swift duty."

"He is brought out in a chair, too weak to stand; they place him directly beneath the fatal noose. It is adjusted to his bleeding throat"—a simultaneous shriek from both magnetizer and subject, displayed how close was the sympathy between them; but as May resumed her normal state the effects of her recent investigation in the disembodied one became awfully apparent. Every nerve was relaxed into utter helplessness, and she sank, limp and quivering from exhaustion, in the arms of her mistress, who, even in that moment of anguish, did not disregard her helpless charge, but with strange presence of mind, acquired doubtless from long habit of self-control, quickly threw off the influence of the girl's recent condition and substituted a more harmonious equilibrium, by her peculiar power of transferring vitality throughout the weary frame of this slave of her will.

"She is not to blame," murmured Azubah, as she laid her away on a soft couch in a quiet recess, as gently as a musician puts by the harp whose chords still vibrate with the mighty passion of the master's touch yet sweeping through them.

She knew that every word May had uttered was true to a certain point. Cris was in prison charged with the murder of Chaffer. Who Chaffer was none knew or cared; but a murder had been committed, and jealous justice sought vengeance on the murderer. His term of life would not expire for many weeks, and the faithful wife, either believing him innocent or determined to make others believe so, worked earnestly in his cause. Perhaps she had cherished a hope 'till now that he might regain his freedom, be pardoned, as the evidence was mostly circumstantial; but the fact of two villains having been long connected, and the knowledge at the time of the murder, of the benefit which would result to one from the putting away of the other had transpired through the sale of the diamonds, and Cris's chance of escape looked badly. But he had yet some weeks before insatiate equity claimed his forfeit life.

His unhappy wife visited and cheered him as often as she was allowed to do so, with all the truth if not with all the fondness of early love. She did not think she could have the courage to do as May had said she would do in the vision, but when the time drew near for the penal expiation of his crime, he dreaded so the gaping crowd, the hangman's knot, that she was induced, by his wild pleadings, to supply him with the means of suicide; but his hand shook, he quailed before that near view of Death and fell back to suffer rather the violence of legalized murder.



NORMA WARNED OF HER LOVER'S APPROACH.

Not till the last moment of hope did the wife cease from her exertions in his behalf. The brown cottage was deserted for lodgings near his prison, and under another name and by a less elaborate method she read the future, with May's assistance, to the curious crowd who wished it, and with the money thus obtained she tried as of old, (she had found it available in "merry England,") to fee counsel and pay the costs of an attempt at his vindication. All was vain.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The Danton traveling party arrived in Paris but to learn of Ethel's untimely end, and after a few weeks sojourn of the parents near the spot where he was to be buried, they returned to their native country with the springs of life all broken and their hopes for their idols crushed.

To Norma and William, for he had joined them on their homeward route, they now turned with all-concentrated affection, now that they were deprived of all they had loved and cherished beside.

At home again. A new topic of excitement agitated the Dantons and their friends. Hope and despair, those twin children of light and darkness commenced again their wild, fantastic career. The jewels, for the possession of which Cris had committed his last murder, were proved to be the identical diamonds May Danton had worn on the night of her disappearance from her father's house. When the prisoner was questioned as to how they came in his keeping, and what had become of the young lady who wore them, he turned sharply to inquire if it would save his life if he revealed what he knew; being answered in the negative, he chose to preserve a dogged silence on the point nor could any solicitation draw from him the facts.

It was at twelve o'clock the day before the execution of the murderer, Christopher St. Jude. His wife had taken her farewell of the husband she had labored so long and hopefully to secure from the doom he so richly merited. The last stimulus to exertion was gone. The only living thing now left her to cherish was the half-tranced girl, who still remained in a state of oblivious bewilderment when not under the spells of the woman's enchantment.

She could not see the husband of her youth die ignominiously before her very eyes, therefore she abandoned the lodging where she had lived for the sake of being near him, and with a half determination to restore May to her friends, the two went forth together.

She lingered with agonizing sobs as they passed the prison gate and clung for support to the slender girl who regarded her with passive wonder.

On with faltering feet the two women went. It is but a few steps from the prison gate, behind which comfortless souls cry up to God from the darkness and silence, to the steps of the court of religion, presenting its elegant magnificence invitingly to those weary and heavy laden. Does it always bestow what it promises?

The new church on the site of the old Danton house was completed. The doors were open, and lured by a singular fascination the two women turned aside and slowly toiled up the steps and in through the wide portal—up the broad aisle till they neared the splendid altar. It was long since Azubah St. Jude had entered the temple of grace, perhaps never before; but both, as if moved by the holy solemnity of the place, dropped involuntarily upon their knees.

The organ peal aroused them. A bridal party approached, they shrank aside to let it pass and the rich dresses of the bride and her maidens rustled against the humble robe of May. She did not notice the distinction, but sat down watchful as if pleased with the brave show. The man of authority—who was to perform the marriage ceremony—stepped forward. He was not the installed clergyman of that church, but a stranger who, in the absence of the regular parson, had been called to the present duty.

And thus he spake to those attendant listening ones. It was almost startling from its freedom from conventional usages:

"In this morning of the day, in this morning of your lives, you are about to enter into relations, which, if rightly appreciated, will result in the highest development of your moral and intellectual being of which humanity is capable. I have no authority, claim none; you would not acknowledge it if I did, to unite you in marriage."

A solemn wonder fell upon the faces of the hearers.

"It is your own act thus publicly expressed which makes you one. But as one of twice your years, as one who has journeyed through the lands of the new life on which you are about entering, I deem it not inappropriate to say a few words, the result of experience.

"Marriage is a relation to which we are prompted by the most interior, by the holiest impulses of our being. You have selected each the other from all the world beside from the admonishing of undenying love; but that love is yet in its infancy. It is but the germ of the beautiful flower which, beneath the sunshine of blessed amity, shall expand into full and perfected beauty. Your young, free hearts acknowledge each other now without restraint, but remember each of you have virtues which the other has not. Those virtues each should obey in the other, which obedience is the evidence of trust in each; by this ye shall know intuitively the possessions of each, and grow more and more to each other as long as ye both shall live."

Then joining their hands and turning their faces to the assembled audience, he said: "You see that in the presence of Almighty God and these witnesses, these two persons, William Danton and Ursula Leshman, marry themselves to each other, and let us say amen!"

There was a faint, suppressed cry from the body of the church as the bridal party turned their faces, and a slight figure was seen for a moment flitting in the space between Otis Marshall, the first bridesman, and the place where May Danton sat beside the fortune-teller. Another moment and a little hand was laid on his arm, and a soft, pale face peered close in his with a bewildered effort at recollection. And thus the parents beheld their child once more; but she met their endearing words and caresses forgetfully, or with brief flashes of recognition that faded almost before they could be said to exist.

She understood, and yet she did not, her restoration, but the bridal was fitly finished by this crowning gift of the lost one to her friends, and the mother exclaimed, "She is reborn to us."

Albeit it was sad to see the throne of mind bereft of regal reason. It was a varied picture upon which fell the tremblings of many colored lights of the high-stained windows. A picture in its light and shade worthy the pencil of a Rembrandt. The faces of the two made one by that benediction of unity, the beautiful Norma regarding so curiously her restored cousin, and thinking why Otis Marshall's should be the only one among all those dear, loved friends whose face should have such power over the half insane May; and as the truth dawned slowly on her mind, her face grew more calmly serious. She saw that her life of heart-sacrifices was yet to begin, and she would not trust her eyes to meet those which bent their light so ardently on hers. In the dim background with features expressionless, though with huge anguish tugging at her heart, causing a listless indifference to all things around her, sat the murderer's wife. In the midst the restored child, clinging first to the one, then to the other, asking thrilling questions of all which none might answer.

A voice said "let us go home." "Yes, let us go home," said May; "it would be so beautiful to go home," and her father pressed her close to his heart as she uttered the hallowed word, but she flew away from him, and going to the side of the woman she said, "You will come, too. Come, come with us to our home, and you shall make her sleep there those beautiful sleeps which rest her so, and not send her away from you any more into the black dungeons where she sees such horrid sights. Come," and she took her unresisting hand and led her out into the midst of them, and said, with the most engaging ingenuousness, "She is sorrowing; you must take us together," and then with a warning aside, she whispered: "Hist! don't ask her why, but take her home, and be very kind to her, for she has been very kind to this one," pointing to herself as she spoke.

Unrecognized except as the protectress of the young girl, Azubah returned with the bridal party to the mansion of the Dantons, where the nuptial feast was spread.

All alone to a sequestered nook in the garden Norma had stolen, as she thought unobserved. She sat down with the old look of dumb woe congealing in her eyes, and that terrible pallor on her white cheek which told more than could words the agony besetting her soul. For weeks she had borne the consciousness of a deep-seated joy. Knowing that perfect bliss of loving and being again beloved, while her heart sanctioned its choice so entirely that not a single weed of doubt grew up to choke the beauteous flower wooing her senses, till her dreams were fraught with its exquisite loveliness, and angels wafted the promise of its everlasting existence.

But now the dream was over. She would not selfishly retain Otis Marshall's love now that she saw how her cousin's dim soul lay wrapped in him like the germ in the seed. She did not know, how could she, that Otis had never loved May other than as a dear friend.

So she sat there alone shaping maps of duties for the future, thus to fortify herself against the allurements of the recent happy past. She was startled by a cold, wet touch on her hand. It was Otis's dog, and the faithful hound looked up in her face, as though imploring her to speak kindly to him, and then crouched beside her, as if determined to see that his master, who was coming, had fair play. His step came next. He stood before her.

"I thought you must be near by Tanner's presence," said Norma, without lifting her eyes.

"Why did you wander away without me?" said the impatient lover. He took her hand, and with a slight impatience sought to recall her regards to himself.

She turned her eyes upon him with that truth-telling expression which made her so divinely beautiful, and then she spoke good, brave, earnest words to him. She told him they must set aside their joyous hopes, for she knew, by her own heart, the pain it would be to poor May to see him love another.

"But," said Otis, "it is impossible I should ever marry your cousin. I thought once I loved enough to authorize me to make solicitations for her hand, but now I know what 'tis to love; a perilous chance to her has shown me to myself. Surely, Norma, you would not resign my happiness to one so shattered in mind, whose permanent recovery is so doubtful."

"Your love might do much toward that recovery."

"Do you ask it of me, Norma?"

"I ask nothing of you, Otis; but I hope all things for my poor cousin. Think how she has suffered, and the touching evidences of her tenderness for you are more than I can witness unmoved."

"But, Norma—"

"Hear me, Otis. She loved you before I knew you; perhaps for years, when you knew it not. She will be restored to herself, be assured she will. 'Tis by a cruel chance alone she is reduced to her present condition."

"Do you love me, Norma?"

"Most tenderly, highly and holily, else I could not stand thus before your face, and speak the words which the desire to be worthy of that love now gives me strength to utter."

"You love me yet you can bid me love another. You can forego me?"

"No, no, not that. I do not bid you love another. I thought, dear Otis, if you did ever love my cousin, all that was once hers should be hers again, for sure she needs it more than ever. I cannot bear to see my aunt and uncle pained, as they must be, if their only remaining child is made unhappy by any act of mine. You and I are strong, and though that strength can fortify our hearts to bear what they, what she could not, I cannot stand before them and feel the world of happiness your love bestows, and see them turn their mournful eyes towards their stricken child, and back again reproachfully on me."

"Norma, are you sure of your own heart? Can you make this sacrifice for relatives? Could you see me the husband of your cousin, knowing that my love was yours? Could you face such an ordeal with unflinching fortitude?"

"One point alone excepted, yes," her voice trembled slightly. "I must not *know* that your love was mine; you must not know it. Great love should be unselfish. It would seem to me like defrauding her to keep my troth with you, at the cost of all her happiness."

"Norma, suppose your cousin had not been restored to her home until after our marriage."

"Oh! Otis, I shudder to think what might have been the consequences to her of a step so fatal, so inevitable."

"You do not think of my suffering in all this, you only count your duty to your cousin, forgetful of the wants of my nature which she can never meet."

"Hush! Don't say that. I have thought of it all, point by point, all this miserable day. I have weighed it in every scale of my reasoning powers and my judgment approves the measure, severe as it is."

"If you count yourself you sacrifice the happiness of two to compass that of one."

"I do not count myself."

"My blessed, angel girl, for you are mine, however you may renounce me, I have questioned you thus calmly on all these points to be sure that you entirely know yourself in this great unselfish dream, for it is a dream Norma which can never be realized. I can never love your cousin, I cannot cease to love you; but I will be worthy of your generous soul. I will, as far as my truth to you will permit, administer the soothings of your friendship to May. I cannot deceive you or myself, or permit her to to be deceived in me. I know that if she discovered my affection for you it would make her wretched, therefore for sweet humanity's sake I will, at your request, forego my hopes. We will see how noble and true to that unfortunate one, to the world and to ourselves we can be."

"Heaven bless you. All will be well."

The lovers parted with tenderest outreachings of thought to meet no more as lovers. They did not see the mild, sad eyes with gleams of new intelligence that marked them while they spoke. They did not know how love and and admiration had sprung full-blossomed in that poor, thrilling heart, as Norma made that divine abnegation, though death was born with love, for his words chilled and killed her, as like fiery darts they pierced the sense of hearing.

The two quitted the arbor. From outside the close clusters of hanging blossoms where Norma Danton sat a few minutes before, her cousin May arose with a calm collectedness on her brow; as one arises from a dream of futurity when past memories and present hopes are all eclipsed by something unspeakable in the great beyond, so now May seemed as she took her way to the house and entered but a few steps behind her cousin.

"My dear child," said her mother, "I was alarmed at your absence."

"Don't be alarmed about me any more, dear mother." The mother started; every vestige of her recent strangeness had disappeared, she spoke in her old, accustomed tone, and then she sat down beside Norma, clasping her arms around her and resting her head upon her shoulder.

"I feel better for being near you, dear, clearer, freer, because I know you love me, and I love you better than anything in the world except my parents," she said pointedly.

Norma in the abstraction of the moment did not hear the words, and all avoided any particular notice of the change in her mental condition. They did not see at first in their gladness at its return, how her bodily health decayed as rapidly on the other hand; or if they did it was attributed to the peculiar excitement of the life of her years of absence, and they thought that she would soon recover her normal state of bodily health as she had her mental.

She resumed her customary habits with her former friends as though there had been no break in her life. She received the attentions of Otis Marshall with the same sweet, childish grace she had been wont to do. Her clear spirit forebode what would be, and she stifled that human affection out of her heart—even as she saw her cousin doing daily for her sake, and she said, "I will be as noble as Norma, and when I am gone she will love him for both of us, to make up for this trial which he bears as few could do."

She knew that her life was short but she had much to do in the brief remaining hours.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

AGE OF ANIMALS.

It is often a matter of great practical importance to possess some means of determining the age of animals. The data that exist at present are, however, very inadequate to determine this point. Among domestic animals, the age may be judged of by the presence, absence, or change of certain organs in the body.

The teeth and horns of land animals and the bills of birds afford the surest means of determining their ages.—The age of the horse is known principally by the appearance of his teeth. In cattle with horns, the age is indicated most readily by the growth of these instruments. The deer kind, which shed their horns annually, and in which, with the single exception of the reindeer, they are confined to the male sex, add yearly one or more branch to their horns, according to the species, up to a certain fixed period, beyond which the age of the animal cannot be ascertained with certainty. The horns of oxen, sheep, goats, and antelopes are of a very different form and grow in a different manner, from those of the deer kind. They consist of a hollow sheath of horn, which grows from the root, where it receives each year an additional knob or ring, the number of which is a sure indication of the animal's age. In the cow kind, the age may be found by adding three, and in sheep and goats by adding one, to the number of rings on their horns. There are very few instances in which the age of animals belonging to other classes can be determined by any general rules. In birds it may be sometimes done by observing the form and wear of the bill; and some pretend to distinguish the age of fishes by the appearance of their scales, but their methods are entitled to no confidence. The age of the whale is known by the size and number of laminæ of whalebone, which increase yearly.

The duration of life in the lower animals varies as much as it does in the human species. The horse's life seldom surpasses thirty years, though there have been instances recorded in which it is said to have extended to double that period. The whale sometimes attains the age of three or four hundred years.

THE PURE IN HEART SEE GOD.

BY M. D. WILLIAMS.

In Spring's soft sunshine, and her welcome showers,
The sparkling dewdrops, and the lowly flowers,
Of earth's green sod;
In the fresh leaves, and grass on which we tread,
And in the radiant sky, above our head,
The eye of faith sees God.

In Summer's beauty, when the roses bloom,
Lading the breezes with a rich perfume,
Fresh from the bud:
In the deep forest, and the silent spot,
For lo! there is no place, where He is not,
The pure in heart, see God.

In Autumn's ripening fruits, and fading flowers,
Emblem of those we loved in happier hours,
And in the rod
Of Him, who ever chastens us in love,
And in the storm-clouds, as they meet above,
The child of faith sees God.

In Winter's ravage, when the earth is bare,
When storms and tempests mingle in the air,
When tall trees nod
Beneath the gale of winds, that wildly blow;
In these, and in the pure, white virgin snow,
The child of faith, sees God.

WEBSTER, Mich., April, 1856.

THE NEW LIFE.

MY FRIEND'S STORY.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

The reader will pardon me for not revealing the name of the person who gave me the following strange episode in his life. He is still living, an honored and respected man, and might not like the idea of having his name sent broadcast over the world in connection with the bit of romance which only his immediate friends at present understand. One pleasant afternoon I called upon him agreeably to his own invitation, and after supper he gave me the history of the event which had—— But the reader shall see; so here is

MY FRIEND'S STORY.

My parents were not only poor but they both died when I was quite young, and my first entry into active life was as an apprentice to a watch-maker. I remained with him until I was eighteen, and then I went to B—— to work for a company of jewellers upon very fair wages. It was here that I became acquainted with Clara Lotwell. She was a year younger than myself, and of respectable parentage, though by no means wealthy, her father being only a journeyman carpenter. But she was a beautiful girl, and I learned to love her. She was not one of your painful looking beauties; nor was she of that stamp which marks the highest, noblest, purest class of beauty. But she was very fair, with laughter-loving dimples and sparkling blue eyes, and with a voice as sweet as the warble of the robin. At least, so it all seemed to me then.

Finally Clara confessed her love for me, and I was then happy. It was a wild, passionate emotion, and every avenue of my soul was filled with the working love. I was perfectly happy only when by her side; and when she rested upon my bosom, and the deep love-light of her eyes beamed upon me, it seemed as though in all the universe there could be no higher heaven. I was with her whenever I could be away from my business. We talked, and walked, and read, and sung together, and the moments sped on, glittering like diamonds as they dropped from the glass of time.

At the end of a year from the time of my first interview with her I began to talk of marriage. I was then twenty, having been with the jewellers two years. Clara was willing to become my wife at once, but her parents most peremptorily said, no. But they told me that at the end of another year, when I was one-and-twenty, if I was then doing well, and our love remained unchanged, we might be married. Oh! that was a long time to look over—that long, long year; but yet I was happy. I resolved to strain every nerve towards doing well in my business, for the prize was a priceless one—more than all the world beside to me. My employers liked me well, and at the commencement of this third year raised my wages to a sum that would have enabled me to keep house in a respectable manner. I had nearly five hundred dollars laid by, and it was this circumstance, coupled with my known steadiness of habit, that gave me power in the eyes of Clara's father.

Time sped on, and my love grew stronger with each succeeding day. I could see no imperfections in my beloved—she was all perfection to me. Her little pouts were but as clouds upon a mirror, which a single sweep will wipe away; and the surface I thought unmarred.

At length, when six months of the long year were gone, my employers wished me to go to New York and assist in an establishment which they had bought out there,—or rather, which had fallen into their hands by way of a heavy debt. They told me I might be gone only a month, and perhaps two, or three months. I disliked to go, but I dared not confess the weakness which held me. The evening before I was to start I spent with Clara. We talked a long, long while of our love, and we both were sad with the thoughts of the separation; but we promised to write often—she was to answer my letters as soon as they were received, and we were to be both very unhappy all the time I was gone. At the hour of midnight I arose to leave. I held Clara to my bosom a long while, and then, with one warm kiss, we said, "Good-bye—God bless you"—and in a moment more I was in the street.

On the next morning I was early on my way to the great city. I watched the house where my loved one lived until it was shut from me, and then I turned my thoughts inward, and wondered if I should feel as unhappy during the whole time as I felt then. I reached the city on the night of the second day, and the first thing I did after reaching my room was to sit down and write a letter for Clara. You can imagine what kind of a letter it was. It would have been a silly, nonsensical thing to any third party, but to me it was the fire of Heaven's own love. In due time I received an answer, and it was all my heart could have hoped for. I fairly wept over it in the deep gratitude of my love.

A month passed away, and during that time I had written six letters, and received replies to each one of them. During the second month two of my letters were unanswered, and the answers I did receive were brief, and, I thought, cold. I thought they had answered rather the tone of friendship than of love.

At the end of the second month I returned. My last two letters remained yet unanswered. When I reached my boarding-house, the hostess handed me a package of papers that had come during my absence, and with them was a letter. It was from Clara. I went up to my room and opened it. I read a few words only, and then my head grew dizzy. She had returned my ring and miniature, and—wished to see me no more but as a common friend! At length I read the letter through. She informed me that she had never meant to deceive me, but that she had not truly known her own heart—it was not mine!

And then her father wrote something at the bottom. He hoped I should not blame his daughter, and that I would not allow the circumstance to affect me. I sprang to my feet and resolved to go at once and see Clara. Perhaps she would yet love me if I told her all my love over again. I went. I reached her door, and I heard her voice in the sitting-room. It was in the evening, and a lamp was burning in the room where she was. I did not stop to knock—I was too much excited—I opened the door and entered. I saw Clara, and—she was in the arms of a young man! She was upon his lap, as she had sat in mine an hundred times; her head was upon his bosom, and his arms wound fondly about her!

They started to their feet, and in the youth I recognized the son of one of our wealthiest stockholders. His name was James Rawson. I remember that he angrily asked me why I was there; and that she bade me begone and never see her more! I fled from the house, and sought my own chamber again.

Oh! what a crash was that! My soul was one chaotic wreck, and my heart all crushed and broken! I paced up and down my room until midnight, and then I went out of doors, where the fresh air seemed for the moment to revive me. I saw not my bed that night. On the following morning, all pale and haggard, I went to see Clara's father. I had yet a faint hope that he might intercede for me. Clara saw me as I approached the house, and she fled. I saw her father, but he would not listen to me. He told me—mark now, the motive—He told me that his daughter had found opportunity for a more promising alliance, and she had taken up with it! I tried to convince him that James Rawson was not a steady man, but he would not listen. He knew that Rawson's father was wealthy, and that was enough. At least, that was the meaning of his words.

After this I wandered off, and returned to my room at early evening without having eaten at all. What was life worth to me now? Every hope was gone, for the basis of all my hopes was swept away. I pondered upon it, and I could only see in the future the same dread blackness that enveloped me then. I could not live so. I could not support an agony so intense. I had often wondered how it could be possible that a man could ever reach such a state of mind as to lead him to take his own life; but I wondered no more, for at that moment life was but a drear waste—the future a thankless burden which I could not bear. Those who have never experienced the feeling can form no idea of it. Men may tell of trials, and troubles, and of griefs; and they may paint the joys of hope and of fruition; but man cannot tell the awful depth of that hopeless despair which swallows up the broken heart!

The first moment of calmness which came to soothe me was when I had resolved to die. As soon as I had made up my mind that I would live no more, a sort of calm, tranquil spirit of resignation succeeded the dire storm of soul, and I turned my thoughts now to my Saviour and my God.

I went to my desk and wrote. I wrote first to Clara, and after informing her of what I should have done when she received that note, I forgave her, freely and fully. I sealed and directed it, and then wrote one for my hostess. I bade her take all my money and my goods, and informed her what I was about; why I was about it, and asked her to explain to my employers. These I left upon my desk, and then I took my pistol. I loaded it carefully, with two balls, and then placed it in my bosom.

It was now near midnight. I glided noiselessly from the house, and when I reached the street I made my way towards the river, which I reached at the end of half an hour. I then turned from the road and moved on along the river's bank until I had reached a small grove of chestnut trees, where pic-nics were sometimes held. It was a beautiful place, and I had selected it as the spot where I would die.

The night was as calm and mild as the breath of a sleeping child, and the stars twinkled in the cloudless vault. I gazed up into the heavens, and the stars seemed to look kindly upon me, and I prayed that my soul might soon be wending its way along the track which they lighted up for the feet of the redeemed. I felt no doubt touching the work I had resolved to do—not one particle. I was calmly, hopefully resolved, and upon my knees I prayed that God would not set this last act of my mortal life down against me, for I only hoped to be with Him, where the dark griefs of earth could be washed away forever.

Then I arose to my feet, and drew the pistol from my bosom. One more word of prayer—a simple ejaculation for God to save me to Himself—and I raised the death-servant to my temple. At that moment, before I could consummate the deed, I heard the brushing of feet close behind me, followed on the instant by a low cry. I turned, and saw a female form close by my side.

"Who art thou?" I quickly asked, moving back a pace, for fear she might grasp the pistol from me.

She gazed upon me some moments before answering, and then she said, in a low, tremulous tone,—

"Have you come here to destroy yourself?"

"Why do you ask?" I said.

"Because you had a pistol at your temple when I first saw you. But fear not, sir, for I have come on the same errand. Had you not stood in my way I should now have been in the calm rest of the deep, dark waters of the river. Oh! I do not think God will blame me! He will look kindly upon the poor orphan whose only crime was that she sought the repose of death for a broken, bleeding heart!"

I now recognized the female as a young girl who had been working for a family in the town, and whose name was Lizzie Meredith. And—strange enough, too, I remembered to have seen her on several occasions with James Rawson! She was a lovely girl, not more than eighteen; mild and gentle, and as modest as the first opening of the blush rose. I moved nearer to her, and while a strange emotion went whirling through my soul, I spoke:

"Lady," I said, "what strange fate has thus thrown us together on this occasion I cannot determine. My heart has been crushed and broken, and I had come hither to set all at rest in the arms of death. I have loved—loved with all the devotion of a heart that never was false—and my love has been turned back upon itself a flood of fire and pain. The woman into whose keeping I had given the whole hope and joy of my earthly future has proved false and betrayed me. Last night, when I went to see if she would not love me again, I found her in the arms of another!"

"You speak of Clara Lotwell?" the girl whispered, with a strange shudder.

"I do," I returned.

"And you found her in the arms of James Rawson?" she added, still more lowly and tremulously.

"I did," I replied.

A moment we stood there in silence, and then I moved nearer to Lizzie Meredith's side, and asked her if it was Rawson who had proved false to her and she told me yes. I could now see her countenance plainly, and I was moved by the strange sadness of the beauty that dwelt in her features. It was a different beauty from Clara's. It was a calm, pure, heavenly beauty, such as can only be begotten by a noble generous soul, and a heart all purity and virtue. From pity I went on to sympathy; and from sympathy my soul wandered away in its thoughts to a maze of strange emotions. I asked her if she would tell me her story, and with her small white hand upon my arm she told me yes. Then, insensibly her hand fell into my own grasp, and she told me all.

She told me how James Rawson had won her love—how he had sworn eternal fidelity—how he had promised to make her his wife—and how she had given up to him her whole heart. And then she told me he had whispered into her ear the basest proposition the libertine can utter—she started from his side in terror, and he tried to soothe her fears. Again he whispered the damning thing, and she burst into tears; and when he knew—when he was assured—that she would die ere she would go tainted to the bridal altar, he left her, and cast her off. She had tried to bear up, but her love had been strong, and her heart could not bear it. As she closed her simple story she burst into tears, and her head rested upon my bosom. Instinctively I wound my arms about her, and then for the first time, the light broke in upon me.

"Lizzie," I uttered, with all the fervency of a soul just redeemed, "surely God has thus brought us together! Can you not see His hand in the work? Let us receive the lesson, and profit by it. I had given up my life—you had given up yours. May we not now open upon a NEW LIFE? Oh! I feel sure my heart would never turn from thee. Even now it has burst from the thrall of night, and the soft whisper has awakened my soul. As the chosen one of our Lord and Master received the message from Heaven when on his way to do the work of death, so have I felt the influence of this strange meeting. Live—live for me,—and I will cease to bless and to love thee never!"

I cannot explain the strange emotions of that short hour. It seemed a voice from Heaven—an angel's message—and so, to this day, do I regard it.—Lizzie returned my gaze, and while the starlit tears dropped from her long, silken lashes, she told me she would live!

And, arm in arm, we walked back to the village. I left her at her boarding place, and then I went to my own. On the next morning I began to recover my wasted strength, and when evening came again, I went to see Lizzie Meredith. She caught my hand and pressed it to her lips, and told me she had blessed God an hundred times that I had saved her. We sat down together, and as I gazed into her face I could not help wondering that I had never discovered the marks of Clara's fickleness. Oh, when I came now to see the calm, sweet purity of the features before me they contrasted strangely with the brilliant, effervescent beauty of Clara Lotwell. Clara was beautiful, but 'twas not of the soul—'twas not that beauty which comes from the prayerful, trusting spirit, and which wears for a crown above all others of *life*, the tiara of unsullied, unconquerable virtue. But such was Lizzie's, and so I loved her. It was no more the wild, ungovernable passion, revelling in castles and whirlwinds; but 'twas the deep, calm, absorbing love of a soul that had found its mate for all the times of changing life.

In one short month we were married, and the bright sun of peace and joy which arose then upon our pathway has never dimmed.

James Rawson became a degraded drunkard, and after committing a number of forgeries he fled from his home, and has not been heard of by his friends since.

And poor Clara Lotwell! She possessed not Lizzie's stern purpose of virtue, and she was ruined! She sleeps in the churchyard, and her child, which lived not to know its own and its mother's shame, lies by her side!

But see—here comes my Lizzie now. Isn't she a lovely woman? Oh, God bless and keep her always. I should be very, very sad and unhappy without her, for she is my light of life—my hope on earth, as God is my hope in Heaven.

ABOUT HUGGING, ETC.

WILBUR SEMINARY, May 12, 1856.

MR. LEDGER:—We girls have been debating what to us seems a momentous question, before which the Presidential election, the war in Kanzas, the European status quo, the marriage of Fanny Fern, Eugenie's baby, and the Gun-maker of Moscow, all sink into insignificance. The question is, which is most proper, to hug, caress, or embrace? I mean which *word* is it most proper to use, not which is the most appropriate action, for they all amount to about the same thing. That there may be no mistake, I will put the question thus: Which is the most appropriate, or polite, or refined expression, "to caress" a person, "to hug" a person, or "to embrace" a person? Yours truly, EVANGELINE.

Hug and embrace primarily signify nearly the same thing; but *caress* has quite another signification, and is more nearly allied in meaning to *fondle*. Animals *caress* each other, but we believe that hugging and embracing, as indicative of affection, are confined to human beings. To *caress* is to *pet*, to *lavish endearments upon*, while *hug* and *embrace* are employed, as is *clasp*, to express the act of enclosing another in one's arms. *Clasp* marks this action when it is performed with the warmth of true affection; *hug* is a ludicrous sort of clasping, which is the consequence of ignorance and extravagant feeling; *embrace* is used synonymously with *clasp*, and also signifies simply a mode of ordinary salutation among dear friends and relatives. A mother *clasps* her child to her bosom; a lover *embraces* his sweetheart, or *clasps* her to his breast; a clownish fellow, in an excess of rapture, would throw his body, as well as his arms, over the object of his joy, and stifle with *hugging* him whom he meant to love. In short, a *hug* is to an *embrace*, what a slobber is to a kiss. Having thus "laid open the whole matter," we leave the young ladies at Wilbur Seminary to caress, clasp, hug or embrace, or to be caressed, clasped, hugged or embraced, according as their own knowledge of the sentiments and feelings of the actors shall enable them to determine which would be "most appropriate, polite, or refined."

SMALL BEGINNINGS, TERRIBLE ENDINGS.

About ten o'clock on Saturday evening, September 2, 1666, a fire broke out in a baker's near to the spot on which the Monument of London now stands. In its commencement it was but a little fire, and every one who saw it said it would very soon be extinguished. Notwithstanding these favorable predictions, it continued to spread. Adjoining houses were soon enveloped in the devouring flames, and by noon of the next day, John Evelyn, who was a spectator of it, writes, "All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven. God grant my eyes may never behold the like, now seeing above 10,000 houses all in a flame, the noise, and cracking thunder of the impetuous flames—the shrieking of women and children—the hurry of people—the fall of towers, houses, and churches—was like an hideous storm, and the air all about so hot and inflamed, that at last one was not able to approach it; so that they were forced to stand still, and let the flames burn on, which they did for near two miles in length, and one in breadth. Thus I left it this afternoon burning, a resemblance of Sodom, or the last day." Thus it continued its awful progress for another day or two, and then it was found to have destroyed 89 churches, the city gates, guild-hall, several hospitals, schools and public libraries; a very great number of stately edifices, 13,200 dwelling-houses, and upwards of 400 streets. "*Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth.*"

Holland, as is well known, is a country a considerable part of which is lower than the sea, which surrounds it, and which is kept out by large embankments called dykes. Many years ago it was perceived that one part of the embankment was defective, for the water had begun to ooze through, although in a small quantity. A meeting of the inhabitants of the immediate neighborhood was called, to take into consideration the means of remedying the defect. The meeting adjourned without deciding upon anything, because it was considered such a very little evil—nothing would hurt, they said, as the quantity of water that came through was so small; and some future time would do very well to devise means to remedy the evil. Not very many weeks after that meeting, one beautiful Sabbath's evening, when a more than usual calm serenity rested upon everything—without any further warning whatever, the sea burst through the embankment, which had been gradually weakened by the apparently insignificant evil, destroyed several considerable towns, seventy villages, an immense number of cattle, and more than 100,000 inhabitants. *A small beginning, but a terrible ending.*

A MAN out west is so great a miser that he uses only one eye at a time to save the other.

COMPLAINING HUSBANDS.

A writer in that antiquated, mummy periodical called "Blackwood's Magazine," asserts that "complaining wives are more numerous than complaining husbands." The author of such a sentiment must be unfortunate in his connexions and intercourse with the gentler sex. Either he is unmarried or his wife is not a good specimen of womankind; probably his mother died when he was in his cradle and left behind her no daughters to teach her son a better faith by the blessing of their presence and cheerful society. Let us charitably suppose that the defective education of the writer, his narrow sphere of observation and his ignorance of the character and deportment of his countrywomen form some apology for his libel on the married women of Great Britain.

It is strange that a magazine like Blackwood's which has still a large circulation and was formerly respectable and influential, should circulate such a statement, and thus endorse the opinion that men are more patient, better-tempered, more easily satisfied and happier than women. No American periodical, that we are are aware of, would dare to maintain such an opinion in regard to the women of the United States. Americans respect and love their wives, their mothers and their sisters so much that they gladly acknowledge their superiority to themselves in patience, in endurance of suffering, in resignation, and in cheerfulness,—the virtues which form the peculiar ornament and chief glory of the weaker sex.

The French and English travelers who have lately been among us bear witness to the fact that women are more highly honored in this country than in any other, and thus indirectly acknowledge that the United States goes foremost in the march of civilization. A Cannibal Feejee who buys a woman for some worthless trinket, treats her as a beast, and may use her in any way he pleases; he may adopt any means to get out of her the full value of all he gave for her, and he may even kill and eat her. A half-civilized Russian occasionally beats his wife; his arguments with her are blows; the strongest proof of his affection towards her is a liberal use of a stick or whip, and it is even said that some Russian wives begin to doubt their husband's love for them, if he omits for a few days to administer their customary and desired flagellation. An Englishman growls when his wife complains; if he belongs to the lower classes, like a Russian, he beats her; if he is educated and almost civilized, he contents himself with rushing into the street or sometimes into print, and denouncing complaining, scolding women as the pests of society. A better feeling in society towards females, a higher state of civilization in the United States excludes from American literature all such wholesale, unsparing assaults on the better half of the community. Public opinion in this country goes against such attacks on the nature and rights of women, for every true American believes that his female friends and acquaintances, his mother, his sister, and his wife are less disposed by nature and less accustomed to complain, to whine and scold than his male associates and relatives.

The conduct of a few peevish, quarrelsome, railing women should never be regarded as a blot on the fair character of the entire sex. Those who have taken complaining women as their helpmates ought to be silent regarding their temper and habits; they displayed a weak judgment and a bad taste in their choice of a partner. They are, certainly, unfortunate, very unfortunate, and of all men, most miserable,—very unfortunate in discovering one bad among so many good, and most miserable in having bound themselves to suffer day after day and hour after hour during the whole journey of life the lash and spur of a woman's tongue. Still they should not complain. The silly ass that permits any fool to mount his back cannot expect good treatment. We think he has no right to disgust the public by throwing up his heels and braying every time his rider is pleased to touch him with whip or spur.

LADY M. W. MONTAGU'S LETTERS.

"The young will always adopt the opinions of their companions rather than the advice of their mothers. Solitude puts people out of humor. The truest wisdom is that which diminishes to us what is displeasing and turns our thoughts to the advantages which we possess. How often do I fancy to myself the pleasure I should take in seeing you in the midst of little people; and how severe do I think my destiny that denies me that happiness? All animals are stimulated by the same passions and act very nearly alike. Gardening is certainly the next amusement to reading. I think there are but two pleasures permitted to mortal man, love and vengeance; both of which are in a peculiar manner forbidden to us wretches who are condemned to petticoats. No rich widow can marry on prudential motives. Where passion is only on one side, every marriage must be miserable."

TRUE LOVE.

In reply to "Desdemona's" question, "Does true love confer more happiness or grief on its possessor?" we would say, that no human being is competent to decide upon such a matter. Love is such an exclusive, restless, and capricious passion, is so powerful in its effects and awakens such vivid sentiments of pleasure or pain, that no one can strike its balance of happiness or grief. So uncertain is its result in these respects, that, as Addison says, "the poets, the moralists, and the painters, in all their descriptions, allegories, and pictures, have represented *love* as a soft torment, a bitter sweet, a pleasing pain, or an agreeable distress."

TO DAUGHTERS.—The secret that you dare not tell your mother, is a dangerous secret, and one which will be likely to bring you sorrow and suffering in the end.

THE SOLDIER'S DEATH.

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

And thus he died—holding with iron grasp,
The flag so dearly won;
The flag wrenched from the foe in joyful pride,
At the dear expense of his life blood's crimson tide,
He shouts hurrah! the cry is echoed far and wide,
The enemy's undone.

And then he gently breathed to each familiar thing,
His last good bye;
No mother's hand falls softly on his hair,
No sister's voice sobs forth an earnest prayer,
Of all the many loved ones—none were there,
To soothe his parting sigh.

Tighter he grasped the flag, on which would rest
His future fame;
Then glancing round on earth and tower and sky,
He murmured low a prayer, that He on high,
Would take him to his mansion in the sky,
And then he died—perchance he left a name.

THE FARM-YARD GATE.

A TALE OF VILLAGE LIFE.

BY MARY W. STANLY GIBSON.

PART I.

Thou dearest hast been linked to me
By things which never more can be—
By memories of that lovely place
That village, quiet in its grace,
(Like lilies in the summer air,
That stir not, knowing they are fair,)
And those who trod those mossy walks,
And shared with us those woodland talks
Fill our hearts, hungry for the pain
Of loving to be loved again—
Learned the deep meaning of a word
Which had been better never heard—M. W. S. G.

Down at the end of a long green lane that led from the substantial brick house of Farmer Shirley, swung the "farm-yard gate," called so, more by courtesy than by right, since the "yard" was, in reality, some distance off, in another direction, while the lane itself led the passenger out over a smoothly sloping greensward into the dusty highroad. But the place had been christened by the young men and maidens of the village who had swung and see-sawed there as children, and who now came, in their maturer years, to walk and talk together—it may be, to breathe a vow of love, or exchange an innocent kiss, beneath the shadow and shelter of the tall maples that grew around. So no one thought of changing its name, and the schoolboys swung back and forth on its stout hinges with shouts of glee—the old farmers leaned over it to discuss the state of the weather and the crops, or to talk politics—and the good wives of the neighborhood held a solemn conclave there now and then in the early dusk of a summer's evening, while with a kerchief or apron over their heads, they exchanged the news of the day and "speered" after one another's family at home.

But on the evening of which I write, no one lingered at the gate, but two friends, whose home for years had been in the great house beyond it—but whose mutual home would be there no longer. It was well understood, throughout the village, that Stella Shirley was to depart on the morrow for the distant city, and with instinctive delicacy her old schoolmates and companions had made their adieus in the afternoon, in order that she might dedicate the last hours of her stay to her cousin and acknowledged lover—Justin Shirley.

They walked slowly up and down in the pale moonlight. Stella was tall, erect and agile, with eyes and hair as black as night—finely cut and chiseled features, a clear glowing brunette complexion, and an air at once gay, careless and full of a nameless dash and glitter that charmed while it subdued. She was brave and frank and generous—but she was also proud, imperious and overbearing—and the plague spot of ambition had eaten deep into her heart.

Her cousin was slender, frail and graceful as a bending reed. Long curls of jetty hair fell around oval cheeks both pale and clear, and thick and curving eyebrows of the same hue, made his large dark gray eyes look still darker. His mouth was small and full—his smile melancholy but very sweet. The delicate and transparent hands—the blue veins upon the sunken temples, and the slight depression around the upper lip, all told the same tale. His was a nature too delicate and sensitive for this rough work-a-day world; his spirit could not linger long, but would escape like the perfume of a dying flower, and so go back to him who gave it.

Never was there a stronger contrast between two lovers. And when he spoke, his voice was low, sweet and exquisitely modulated, while in her firmer tones might be heard a slight metallic ring, like that one hears in striking a perfect bell. This slight distinction alone would have marked the difference between the two, to an observant spectator.

"And to-morrow evening, when I come here," he sighed, "I shall come alone. You will then be in the city, Stella."

The dark eyes of the girl flashed as she answered,—

"Yes—and by the day after, Justin, I shall be commencing my search after fame. You may think of me, during the rest of this week, hurrying from one editor's office to another, in a state of perfect bewilderment. I shall not settle down as a writer for some days to come, I presume."

"But Stella—I have often read and heard that young authors meet with many disappointments and discouragements. If the editors should refuse your articles, what would you do?"

He hoped and believed she would say,—

"I would come home again to you, Justin,"

When he saw her wince beneath his warning words. But the next moment she threw up her splendid head with a gesture of mute defiance and said proudly,—

"I would burn them and write more till they *did* take them! I tell you," she added, growing flushed and excited, "I tell you I *will* succeed. No one can convince me that I am made for the humdrum life your father and mother have marked out for me."

The boy colored painfully, but compressed his lips, and was silent.

"I know I ought not to call it so," she said, more kindly, "but I am not good and quiet, and I cannot help my thoughts. I love you Justin—you and every one knows that—but I must have a larger life before I settle down as your wife in this little village. I must be famous—I must earn a reputation to lay at your feet."

"Oh Stella, you will lay it on my grave, but I shall never know it," he exclaimed, in bitter grief.

She turned away and leaned her head on her folded arms upon the old gate.

"I was wrong"—he said, a moment after—"but sickness and the grief of this parting has made a coward of me. Forgive me—do anything but look so cold and gloomy, Stella, and I will never speak so again. I will try to think you will not forget me—that you will come back and that we shall spend our old age here as we have spent our childhood, loving each other, and happy as the days are long. I will believe it, Stella. Now look up and smile at me again."

A Mussulman would almost have forsaken his creed, for the smile and radiant look she gave him.

"I love you best, Justin, when you do not make me unhappy by any such gloomy speeches," she said with a quiet kiss. "And now let us talk of my future—*our* future—because you will share it."

He listened to the oft told story of a thousand dreams and hopes. They were all of fame and wealth and the world's applause—and the home they were to have together, was always placed far on in the future! She was young and strong and vigorous—full of life and spirit—but would his fainter heart and trembling limbs bear him so far on in the journey?

He shuddered to think how he might be lying cold and silent in the grave, while she still followed the mocking phantom of Fame, far away—but he said nothing of his fears and the smile with which he listened to her eager words was sweet and serious as ever.

The nine o'clock bells chimed out in the village, as they stood there together. At the dear familiar sound, all eager boastings were hushed, and realizing for the first time, that she was leaving all that was dear behind her, she drew near Justin and listened silently.

"For the last time!" was the involuntary thought of the boy, as the echoes died slowly away with a mellow sweetness. And feeling, for the moment that they two should never stand there so again, he clasped his cousin closely to his heart, and murmured, solemnly,

"Wherever you go, my darling, may God go with you! Be good, Stella—oh be good, if you are never great! God—into Thy hands I give her up! Thou knowest what is best!"

In after years, how the memory of that parting blessing wrung the woman's weary heart, even while it kept it pure and true! For womanhood showed her that human love is far more dear than fame!

PART II.

Oh now in the hush of this twilight hour
When I mark with a listless eye
The shadow of many a wayside flower
On the grass of the meadow lie—
When the sound of the evening wind is lost
On the surge of the restless sea—
I weep for all I have loved and lost
In loving and losing thee! M. W. S. G.

Two years passed away. In the village which had always been his home, Justin Shirley faded gradually away, while Stella out in the busy world and in that eager strife which holds the heart as if with a chain of iron to its highest efforts, paused now and then to think of him among her better memories, and wonder vaguely when the goal would be won, that she might return and make him happy.

She had been more successful than she had even dared to hope. The kindly and timely notice of an influential friend, procured her a situation in a great publishing house, where her generous salary allowed her to lay by a stock of the "yellow gold," while her intimate association with the books of the best writers of the day, saved her from the general errors of young writers, and formed her terse and vigorous style after chaste and beautiful models. With careful study and thought she prepared a volume for the press, and having seen it accepted and noticed among forthcoming works, she ran down into the country for a week's holiday, that her lips might be the first to tell Justin the joyful news.

Although she had been so long absent, she had only seen him twice since that first parting. The duties of the situation had kept her constantly in the city, and though on both of her visits home she had been struck and pained by the alteration visible in him, it only stimulated her to renewed efforts, in order that her heart's desire might be the sooner gratified in time to make him happy also.

On this occasion she came eagerly and gladly. She could say to him now, "I have gained all I went to seek, and now you will not take a poor or unknown bride to your arms. I am rich and shall be famous, and I come to redeem my pledge and promise to you."

To her impatient fancy the stage horses seemed to creep. It was early afternoon when they reached the village hotel, and ordering a horse saddled at once, she took possession of her room, made a hasty toilet, placed upon her hand the ring she intended for a gift to Justin, and after a hastily swallowed dinner, sprang into the saddle and galloped towards the Farm house.

Two years of city life and its attendant experience had made a great change in her. From the slender girl she had shot up into the tall and finely developed woman—her eyes and hair seemed darker—her complexion clearer than before. For Justin's sake she was glad of her beauty, and she thought with a happy smile, how proudly he would look upon her on their bridal night.

Suddenly the village bell began to toll slowly. A nameless fear seized upon her, and hurrying her horse to his utmost speed, she flew along with no thought but of Justin in her heart. Three weeks had gone by since she had heard from him—could it be that he was sick—dead?

"God in Heaven, have mercy upon me!" she murmured, as she wiped her damp forehead. "If I come to him too late I shall never see a happy day again."

The bell seemed to answer her. She tried to fix her thoughts upon other things—to remember the daily thoughts and trials of the past two years, and the good which had come to her through evil—she even tried to look beyond, into the rose-colored future, and picture herself and Justin happy and contented in their cottage home—training the wild rose above the lattice windows—it might be, teaching a rosy faced child how to take its first trembling steps upon the journey of life. But still the tomb seemed opening beside her to snatch away all she loved, and the clear laugh of her dream-child was hushed and smothered in the booming of the funeral bell.

As she galloped up over the green sward from the public road, she saw a long procession moving slowly down from the door of her home. In the midst a coffin was borne upon the shoulders of six men, and Justin's father walked behind it with his eyes bent moodily upon the ground. Then came his friends and companions, all sad or weeping, while from the window of her chamber his invalid mother looked down with a gush of tears.

Her heart seemed turned to stone within her bosom, and she sat on her horse like a marble statue. The bell ceased tolling—the procession halted beneath the great maple tree that overshadowed the Farm-yard gate, and the bearers placed their burden reverently beside an open grave that had been dug at its foot.

Then she knew, beyond all doubt, who was to be buried there. No one but Justin would have loved that spot so well, and with a terrible groan she flung herself from the saddle and pressed up to the spot.

Every one shrunk back at her approach as if they had seen a spirit. She had been expected the day before, but the letter despatched to summon her had passed her on her way. And now when she stood among them so pale and wild, she seemed more like a being of another sphere than like a being of flesh and blood.

No one dared to stay her as she pressed on towards the coffin. The bereaved father looked up with a bewildered glance as she stood before him—the young girls wept and turned pale, and the men involuntarily uncovered their heads in the presence of such mighty grief.

She reached the coffin. At a motion of her hand the bearers lifted the lid,—and the lovers met where they had parted two years before on that very day!

Yes—there he lay, looking as calm and tranquil as if he had been asleep! A sweet smile lingered around his sunken mouth, and the wind rustling through the trees, stirred a little curl upon his pale forehead—but those soft and dark eyes were closed, never more to meet her own again, and the hand she lifted to her heart was cold and heavy as lead. He had gone forever! And the vulture of remorse was already preying upon her heart!

She did not weep or sigh—she severed the lock of hair from the temple, and took the wedding ring from her finger and placed it upon the lifeless hand. The diamond sparkled and glowed like fire in the sunlight. She looked around upon the awe-struck spectators with a melancholy smile.

"I hoped to have been his wife," she said calmly. "And even in the grave I have made him mine. You have witnessed it."

One last long look upon the beloved face—one last long kiss pressed upon lips of icy coldness, that, for the first time, gave no answer back again—and she rose to her feet, and stepped back from the coffin. The lid was replaced—friends and relatives crowded around with tears and sobs—then it descended, and the face and form she had loved were shut out from her forever! Her heart seemed to die within her!

She stood with folded arms and bowed head till the funeral ceremonies were over. Then sending her horse back by the servant, she took her uncle's arm and walked slowly up to the disconsolate home, followed by the pitying glances of all who lingered there.

I have lifted the veil from a heart which few have ever understood. Perhaps some will recognise in "Stella Shirley" a woman well known to fame, but whose keen sarcasm, brilliant wit, and cold grace of manner have left few traces of the girl who knelt beside the lonely grave. Ambition steels her heart, and the only gentle memory there, would seem to be that of the early loved and lost. My tale is told.

* * *

A Faithful Wife.—A young man who was convicted of bigamy at Newburyport, last Spring, upon serving out his term of punishment was met at the railroad station by his first wife, who took him to a clothing-store, gave him a new rig, then presented to him $300 she had earned since he deserted her, and they departed together for their former home in New Hampshire. If he isn't faithful to her for the rest of his life, he ought not to live long. It is only women that furnish such instances of constant and forgiving love.

FEAR.

It must be owned that fear is a very powerful passion, since it is esteemed one of the greatest of virtues to subdue it. It being implanted in us for our preservation, it is no wonder it sticks close to us as long as we have anything we are willing to preserve. But as life, and all its enjoyments, would be scarce worth the keeping if we were under a perpetual dread of losing them, it is the business of religion and philosophy to free us from all unnecessary anxieties, and direct our fear to its proper object.

If we consider the painfulness of this passion, and the violent effects it produces, we shall see how dangerous it is to give way to it upon slight occasions. Some have frightened themselves into madness, others have given up their lives to these apprehensions. The story of a man who grew grey in the space of one night's anxiety is very famous. These apprehensions, if they proceed from a consciousness of guilt, are the sad warnings of reason; and may excite our pity, but admit of no remedy. When the hand of the Almighty is visibly lifted against the impious, the heart of mortal man cannot withstand him.

To fear so justly grounded no remedy can be proposed; but a man (who has no great guilt hanging upon his mind, who walks in the plain path of justice and integrity, and yet, either by natural complexion, or confirmed prejudices, or neglect of serious reflection, suffers himself to be moved by this abject and unmanly passion) would do well to observe that there is nothing which deserves his fear, but that beneficent Being who is his friend, his protector, his father. Were this one thought strongly fixed in the mind, what calamity would be dreadful? What load can infamy lay upon us when we are sure of the approbation of him who will repay the disgrace of a moment with the glory of eternity? What sharpness is there in pain and diseases, when they only hasten us on to the pleasures that will never fade? What sting is in death, when we are assured that it is only the beginning of life? A man who lives so as not to fear to die, is inconsistent with himself, if he delivers himself up to any incidental anxiety.

GENTLEMANLY CONDUCT.

Self-respect is the safest prevention against quarrelling. The man who is sure of his own position is the slowest to suspect another of any design to question it; and hence the art of avoiding altercations has generally been deemed one of the peculiar characteristics of a gentleman. Never to seem afraid of being put upon, as the phrase goes—never to argue a question merely lest people should think you can't argue it—never to fight simply for fear the lookers on might think you a coward—these are some of the maxims on which all men of superior minds act, habitually and unconsciously; and it is this habit which gives to such men that air of repose and self-possession before which fools stand abashed and dandies are wild with envy.

Few men can have mingled, even in the slightest degree, in society, without noticing that one prominent feature in the character of a *parvenu* is his proneness to take offence. His angles are sharper, his corns are "more tender," than those of other people. There is really no knowing where to be safe with him. The moment you put your finger on him his bristles stand out like a hedgehog's. The best plan of course is to leave such a character alone. We should do our best to avoid impinging on their ramified irritability. It is senseless to provoke a man, whoever he may be, who has the power to be mischievous. The man who wants to fight you in the streets because you push against him, may be a low fellow, but that will be no consolation if you go home with a black eye. Neither will it much mend the matter if you give him two in return. On the whole, you will consider it a very disagreeable business, and wish devoutly you had never got into it.

DEATH.

Death comes at morn when the sun is just rising in the east—at noon when its rays are most splendent—at eve when it gradually sinks beneath the horizon—at midnight when it is entirely hidden from the view;—it comes to the babe just commencing to prattle—it comes to the man of middle-age when the connecting links binding us to life are most strong—it comes to the aged man with trembling limbs and faded eye-sight, led along by others;—it comes to the poor, struggling to obtain a meager sustenance—it comes to the man in comfortable circumstances, by whom life is best enjoyed—it comes to the wealthy, rolling in affluence and ease;—it comes to the idiot, laughing at his own folly—it comes to to the man of just sense enough to pass through life easily—it comes to the educated man, glorying in his Cicero and Homer;—it comes to the infidel disowning his Maker—it comes to the christian, who looks upon it only as a passage to a happier land;—in short,

"Death comes to all,
Both great and small." ALPHA.

CONNUBIALITIES.

It is the hardest thing in love to feign it where it is not, or hide it where it is; but it is easier counterfeited than concealed. The face of her we love is the fairest of sights, and her voice the sweetest harmony in the world. A man is more reserved in his friend's concerns than in his own; a woman, on the contrary, keeps her own concerns better than another's. A woman will think herself slighted if she is not courted, yet pretends to know herself too well to believe your flattery. Absence is to love what fasting is to the body; a little stimulates it, but a long abstinence is fatal. The greatest pleasure of life is love; the greatest treasure, contentment; the greatest possession, health; the greatest ease is sleep; and the greatest medicine, a true friend.

THE NIGHT.

Oh! to me is the night a beautiful sight,
When deck'd in her jewels on high,
And the moon sheds around her silvery light,
And the winds breathe scarcely a sigh.
When the gondola glides on its noiseless course,
O'er the waters sparkling and bright,
And drops like diamonds fall from the oars,
'Tis a beautiful—beautiful sight.

I e'en love the night when the lightning bright
With its flashes illumines the sky,
And the elements meet in thundering fight,
And the waves and the winds are high.
When the hurricane's blast snaps the ponderous mast,
With its stern unconquerable might;
Then for solitude mild, or grandeur wild,
Oh! give me—oh! give me the night.

ANTIPATHY TO SPIDERS.

Few people like spiders. No doubt these insects must have their merits and their uses, since none of God's creatures are made in vain; all living things are endowed with instinct more or less admirable; but the spider's plotting, creeping ways, and a sort of wicked expression about him, leads one to dislike him as a near neighbor. In a battle between a spider and a fly, one always sides with the fly; and yet of the two the latter is certainly the more troublesome insect to man. But the fly is frank and free in all his doings; he seeks his food openly, and he pursues his pastimes openly; suspicions of others, or covert designs against them, are quite unknown to him; and there is something almost confiding in the way in which he sails around you, when a single stroke of your hand might destroy him. The spider, on the contrary, lives by snares and plots; he is, at the same time very designing and very suspicious, both cowardly and fierce; he always moves stealthily, as though among enemies; retreating before the least appearance of danger, solitary and morose, holding no communion with its fellows. His whole appearance corresponds with his character, and it is not surprising, therefore, that while the fly is more mischievous to us than the spider, we yet look upon the first with more favor than the last; for it is a natural impulse of the human heart to prefer that which is open and confiding to that which is wily and suspicious, even in the brute creation. The cunning and designing man himself will, at times, find a feeling of respect and regard for the guileless and generous stealing over him, his heart, as it were, giving the lie to his life.

A LESSON FOR MOTHERS.

The Birmingham (Eng.) Journal prints the following account of a flogging the Prince of Wales received from a poor boy: "During Her Majesty's residence some years ago, at Osborne, in the Isle of Wight, her children were accustomed to ramble along the sea shore. Now, it so happened on one occasion that the young Prince of Wales met a boy who had been gathering sea shells. The boy had got a basket full. The young Prince, presuming upon his high position, thought himself privileged to do what he pleased with impunity. So without any notice he upset the basket of shells. The poor lad was very indignant, and observed: 'You do that again, and I'll lick you.' 'Put the shells into the basket,' said the Prince, 'and see if I don't.' The shells were gathered up and put into the basket. 'Now,' said the lad, 'touch 'em again, old fellow, if you dare,' whereupon the Prince again kicked over the shells. And the boy 'pitched into him,' and gave him such a licking as few Princes ever had. His lip was cut open, his nose knocked considerably out of its perpendicular, and his eyes of a color which might have well become the champion of a prize ring. His disfigured face could not long be concealed from his royal mother. She inquired the cause of his disfigurement. The Prince was silent, but at last confessed the truth. The poor boy was ordered before the Queen. He was asked to tell his story. He did so in a very straightforward manner. At its conclusion, turning to her child, the Queen said: 'You have been rightly served, Sir. Had you not been punished sufficiently already, I should have punished you severely. When you commit a like offense, I trust you will always receive a simular punishment.' Turning to the poor boy, she commanded his parents to her presence the following morning. They came; and the result of the interview was that her Majesty told them she had made arrangements for educating and providing for their son, and she hoped he would make good use of the advantages which should be placed within his reach."

TEMPER.

Bad temper is oftener the result of unhappy circumstances than of an unhappy organization; it frequently, however, has a physical cause, and a peevish child often needs dieting more than correcting. Some children are more prone to show temper than others, and sometimes on account of qualities which are valuable in themselves. For instance, a child of active temperament, sensitive feeling, and eager purpose, is more likely to meet with constant jars and rubs than a dull passive child, and if he is of an open nature, his inward irritation is immediately shown in bursts of passion. If you repress these ebullitions by scolding and punishment, you only increase the evil, by changing passion into sulkiness. A cheerful, good-tempered tone of your own, a sympathy with his trouble, whenever the trouble has arisen from no ill conduct on his part, are the best antidotes; but it would be better still to prevent beforehand, as much as possible, all sources of annoyance. Never fear spoiling children by making them too happy. Happiness is the atmosphere in which all good affections grow—the wholesome warmth necessary to make the heart-blood circulate healthily and freely; unhappiness the chilling pressure which produces here an inflammation, there an excrescence, and, worst of all, "the mind's green and yellow sickness—ill-temper."

"PERSEVERE."

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

Is thy pathway dark and lonely?
Are thy sorrows hard to bear?
Do prickly thorns spring up before thee?
And findest thou nought but grief and care?
Still despair not—do thy duty,
Call to aid thy strength of will;
Look to Heaven for God will help thee,
Persevere—push onward still.

Has misfortune's breath bereft thee
Of the friends thou cherished most?
Dost thou pine for tones of kindness?
If on life's sea thou'rt tempest tossed.
Still despair not—steer thy barque,
Towards the blissful Heavenly shore.
Persevere—push boldly onward,
Soon thy trials will be o'er.

Earthly ties are false and fickle,
Friendship fades like summer flowers;
Loving smiles and joyous glances,
Fly from grief's sad weary hours.
Still despair not—while on Earth,
Duty's calls thou must obey;
Persevere—and God will help thee,
Will turn thy darkness into day.

BALTIMORE, May, 1856.

THE MUTINEER'S CHILD.

A SKETCH OF OCEAN LIFE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

In the latter part of the summer of 1839 I had command of the ship "Sea Horse." She was a heavy ship, and a good one, and had thus far been very fortunate in her voyages, the result of which was, that she could always have a cargo, and that, too, of the most desirable kind. She lay at one of the piers on the East River, at New York, taking in cargo for Calcutta and Canton, and at the same time an agent was busy shipping a crew.

Everything was ready but a second mate. Several men had applied for the berth, but they were not such as we wanted for the place. At length, on the morning of the very day upon which we had advertized to sail, a new man presented himself for the vacant office. He gave his name as Lot Leonard. He was a stout, dark-featured man, with a deep-set, sharp grey eye, and a huge mass of beard upon his face. He brought no recommendations from other parties, but upon examination he proved himself not only a thorough seaman, but an excellent navigator. We concluded to hire him.

After this Leonard told us that his wife and child must go with him. He said his wife would make herself useful in the cabin, and that his boy wou'd be able to help in many things about the ship. I told him that if he could make room for them in his own state-room they might go in welcome. When they came on board I found the mate's wife to be a beautiful woman, not over two-and-thirty; mild and modest; small and delicate, and very eager to shun observation. I was sure she was not happy. Her child was a noble looking boy, some twelve years of age, and resembled her in every particular of form and feature. I loved that boy from the moment I first saw him. He was so mild, so slim and pale, with such great, dark, dreamy eyes, and such a noble and generous cast of countenance, that my soul yearned towards him almost as though he had been my own child. I soon saw that between the mother and child there was a strange and powerful affection—an affection which seemed in each to make up for that which the husband and father gave them not.

At sundown an old steam tug made fast to us and towed our ship out, and before dark we were upon the open sea, and standing on our course with a fair wind.

My first mate's name was Wilson,—a good seaman and a most excellent man, who had sailed with me three voyages previous to the present one; but I soon found that Leonard was the better seaman, and I felt that I had been fortunate in securing his services.

For a while all went on pleasantly. Leonard's wife, whom he called Mary, was always the same—mild, modest, and quiet, and seemed anxious to shun the company of all but her child. Twice I caught a view of her pale, handsome face when I knew she had been weeping, and I had seen her child trying to cheer her and make her happy. And I had seen her clasp that child to her bosom, too, with an emotion which I easily interpreted: It seemed to say that her child was her only source of hope or joy on earth. I knew Mary was not happy, and I was sure that she had little love for her husband; and yet I had never seen Leonard abuse her, nor speak harshly to her, though I was sure he seldom spoke or acted with any degree of affection. I wondered how such a woman ever made up her mind to marry with such a man, and the more I wondered the more I was puzzled; but the mate did his duty, and I resolved not to trouble myself about his private affairs. My only advances were made to the boy, and ere the third week had passed he was my fast friend. He learned to love me, and I was surprised at the amount of intelligence which he possessed. He gradually gave himself up to my wishes, and at length he came to me whenever he had opportunity and I was at leisure; and he seemed to enjoy my company, and feel grateful for my kindness.

Thus matters moved on for a month, and during that time we had crossed the equator and entered the southern tropic. One morning I came on deck much earlier than usual, and saw Leonard upon the forecastle, engaged in an earnest conversation with some half-dozen of the crew. I should have thought nothing of this had they not stopped their conversation the moment they saw me, and made some movements which indicated conscious guilt. Though the circumstance startled me, yet I did not betray any sign of having noticed it. I looked about the deck awhile, and then called Leonard to me. He was free and easy in his manner, though I was sure I could see in his eye a sort of hidden fire; and when I looked him direct in the face his gaze was not so calm and steady as usual. At length I went below, and when I had gained the cabin I sat down to think upon what I had seen.

My mind instinctively went to work upon things which I had before observed, but which, alone, were not of sufficient import to attract my attention at the time. I remembered to have seen Leonard several times in earnest conversation with some of the men, and I could now remember that he had exhibited some signs of uneasiness on those occasions. And other things, too, came now to my mind, and helped give direction to my suspicions.

My crew consisted of twenty-eight men, besides the three mates, the supercargo, and the black cook. Most of them were new men, only five of them having sailed with me before. Some of them were dark-looking fellows, and by no means calculated to win the confidence of good men. There were four Portugese, in particular, who looked to me like hardened sinners, and not for all the wealth of India would I have trusted myself in a ship manned wholly by such men. But I began to fear that I had too many of them now—too many.

Next to the character of my men came the character of my cargo. It was not only a very valuable one, but one which could have been sold at any place. Much of it was light, costly goods; some clothing; two steam engines, and much other stuff that could be readily turned into cash. But the most important item was twenty-five thousand dollars in gold which was stowed away in the run under the cabin floor. Leonard knew of this, though he had been requested not to let the men know anything of it.

And now came the result of my pondering: Leonard I knew to be a reckless, hard-hearted man—the very fact of his treatment of his wife was proof enough of the state of his heart. I did not know that he was cruel, but I did know that a man who could be even cold to such a wife could have no other than a cold, hard heart, and such a man would not be long in resolving to do an evil deed if thereby he could advance his pecuniary interests. Next—there were many of the crew who would go with him in any work of evil he might mark out for them, if he could persuade them that they could make money thereby. In short, the suspicion was upon me that there was mutiny breeding on board my ship!

I resolved to be on the watch now, and to observe every movement of Leonard, and of the crew. During the next three days I kept my eyes open, and I saw some things which gave new weight to my suspicions. I had at least satisfied myself upon one point: My second mate was engaged with the crew in some secret work!

On the evening of this third day I went down into the cabin and left Leonard in charge of the deck for the first watch, it being then towards nine o'clock. I sat down beneath the hanging lamp and took a book which I had commenced reading. I read until nearly eleven, though I gained but little from what I read, the dark suspicion which I held holding a place most of the time uppermost in my thoughts. I had just closed the book when Walter, (such was the boy's name,) came down from the deck. I called him to me, but he would have avoided me had I not reached out and taken him by the hand as he was passing me. I saw that he was pale and trembling, and that he wished to avoid me. I asked him what was the matter, but he would not tell me.

"But," said I, earnestly, and affectionately, "what is it, Walter? Has your father been unkind to you?"

At the mention of the word *father* he started quickly, and a strange palor overspread his face.

"Not now—not now!" he uttered.

At that moment I looked up and saw Leonard coming down the ladder; and as the mate entered the boy broke from me and hurried to the state-room where his mother was. I saw the father's eyes gleam with a quick, angry fire; but he quickly subdued his emotion, and then followed his boy to his room. He returned in a few moments and went on deck without speaking to me. Ere long afterwards I retired, but it was a long while ere I could sleep, for I had new food for conjecture now. But at length I fell into an uneasy, dreaming slumber.

How long I had slept I know not, but I was awakened by hearing some one moving near my berth. I opened my eyes without moving, and saw Leonard at the medicine chest which stood close by the foot of my bunk. I saw him take out a phial, and then close the chest. He then arose, and having looked towards me as though he would see if I slept he turned away. He thought me asleep, and as soon as he was gone I followed him to his own room, whither he had gone. Noiselessly I crept along and when I reached his door I stooped down and looked through the key-hole. I saw him in the act of pouring some white powder from the phial into the small pitcher from which his wife and child were in the habit of drinking. I waited no longer for fear he might detect me; and it was well that I moved as I did, for hardly had I got into my birth ere he returned and put the phial into the chest. After this he went on deck, and I then got up and opened the medicine chest, and found that it was *arsenic* which he had been using!

As soon as possible I took my own pitcher and went to Leonard's state-room. I entered without awakening Mary or her child, and at once made my way to where the pitcher was. Mine was exactly like it, both having been purchased in one lot, and nearly full of water, so I set mine down and took the other up, and then withdrew. I got back to my room in safety, and at once began to reflect on this new event. What could it mean? Surely it could mean but one thing. The boy had become acquainted with his father's plans of villainy, and now that father would poison him in order to hush him to silence! Upon this point I felt sure; and it gave me new proof of the presence of mutiny on board the ship.

On the following morning Leonard went on deck at eight o'clock, and as soon as he was gone I called his boy to me. The little fellow was still pale and agitated, and he trembled violently as he entered my room. I spoke to him kindly, and at length asked him if he knew of any danger to me or my ship.

"Do not fear," said I, "but speak plainly. I have saved your life within these past twelve hours, and I did it because I loved you. Now if you know of any danger to me or mine, tell me about it."

"I dare not," he whispered. "My father would kill me if I told you."

"Ah," I uttered, determined to tell him all, "your father already thinks you will do that, and so he means to put you out of the way." And then I went on and related to him what I had seen, and what I had done.

The little fellow gazed upon me in speechless horror for a while, and at length he gasped,—

"And my mother—would he kill her?"

"She would have been killed had I not taken away that poison," I told him.

He shuddered fearfully, and finally told me he would reveal to me all he knew. He said he went on deck the evening before, and sat down beneath the heel of the bowsprit, and while there his father and some of the men came close to where he was, and began to talk about taking the ship. As soon as he heard this he dared not move. They went on talking, and laid their plans all down. The deed was to be done during the mid-watch on the following Sunday night, while Leonard had the deck. Twenty-one of the men had joined him! They were to kill me and Wilson first, and then despatch the others! After this was all done, and they had got the ship safely into their hands, then they meant to decide which way they would steer. I asked Walter if he knew the names of the seven men who had not joined the mutineers. He knew them, but he could not call them all over, though he remembered them well as I called them, and thus I found out who they were.

Now I knew all. It was all revealed to me, and I had a startling ordeal to pass. I obtained from the boy all the information I could, and then let him go.

Sunday night!—and it was now Saturday! What was to be done? There were twenty-two of the mutineers—all stout, bold, reckless men, while I had only two of my mates and seven of the men, making ten of us in all, and perhaps three of those seven might yet join the villains. I waited until I had banished all signs of unusual emotion from my face, and then I went on deck. I observed matters very carefully, and soon saw the signs of the contemplated work. I noticed a hundred little things that might have escaped me under ordinary circumstances, but now they were palpable, and fraught with deep meaning. When I went below I knew I was doomed! I knew that mutiny was rank and full on board, and that the men who had planned it would not turn from it save by a force they could not withstand.

Saturday passed away, and when night came Lot Leonard came to the medicine-chest again, and having taking out the most rank poison he could find he went back to his own room. He had wondered why his wife and child were not dead—I had seen it in his looks and movements, and I knew what it meant. At midnight he went on the watch, and as soon as I dared I hurried to his room. I woke his wife, and in a few quickly-whispered words I told her my purpose. We then searched for the poison, and soon found it mixed with some preserves which had been taken out for the morrow's use. This I emptied carefully into another dish, and then left Mary to fill up the one her husband had left with pure preserves. She told me her son had made the whole subject of the mutiny known to her, and she bade me have no compassion on her account in behalf of her husband. "For," said she, "he only lives for his own wickedness and the misery of all about him."

Sunday morning came, and I saw the dark mate several times in close conversation with his companions, and I could see the villainy plainly in their every look and movement. They had assumed an air of independence which they had never worn before, and they had not wit enough to conceal their impudence. During the day I racked my brain with plans for freeing myself from the dark doom which threatened me. I could think of but one way, and that I resolved to adopt, and trust in the power of God and Right for the rest.

During the afternoon I opened the whole subject to Wilson and Knapp, and got them to speak with three of the men whom I knew I could trust. After supper I had these three men come to the cabin, and to them I made known my plan. They were stout and strong, and the knowledge that their own lives were at stake gave them new power. I stationed them back of the ladder, and they knew just what to do, and were prepared to do it. As soon as this was arranged I sent Mr. Knapp on deck to request Leonard to come down and see me a moment. The villain had no suspicion of so simple a request, and came down at once. The moment his feet touched the cabin floor one of the men from behind the ladder dealt him a blow upon the head with a stout club that felled him like a dead man. On the next instant he was bound and gagged, and then placed on one side. I next sent up for another of the villains, and he, too, came down without suspicion, and in like manner was he taken care of. No noise had yet been made, and I began to have hopes. Another man was sent for, and as he came down, he received a blow from the heavy club that settled him. He was gagged, and then I sent up for another. I began to fear that those on deck would suspect something, but yet I resolved to keep on thus as long as possible, and then resort to such other measures as could be adopted. We were all well armed, and had our lives to fight for.

I had thus decoyed five men to the cabin, and bound and gagged them all, when the sixth, who was a huge fellow, failed to fall beneath the blow of the club. He turned upon the one who had struck him, but ere he could do any physical mischief he was felled by a blow from the butt of Wilson's heavy boarding pistol. He was easily bound now, but he had given the alarm, and in a few moments more a dozen men were at the companion-way. I saw that there was not a moment to lose. Now was the time, or never. I gave the word, and then rushed upon the deck. The mutineers were not yet armed, and this movement took them by surprise. One fellow I knocked down with the butt of my pistol, and another, who had seized an iron belaying-pin, I shot through the heart.

"Hold!" I cried, as the men fell back. "'I know the whole story of your foul plot for taking my ship, and I am prepared to meet it. Your leader, and five of his chief hands, are now bound securely, and the rest of you shall be bound or shot. You have your choice."

For a few moments the villains were thunderstruck. They gazed first upon me, and then upon each other; but I did not give them much time in which to think. I passed the word to seize them, and I was obeyed. Three of them only offered any resistance, and they were instantly shot down. Seven of them fell upon their knees and begged for mercy, assuring me that the fear of death alone had induced them to join in the mutiny. I told them if they would go at work and help secure the rest I would give them pardon. They eagerly embraced the offer, and went at once to the work. In fifteen minutes the last man of them was bound, and just at that moment I heard the report of a pistol at the wheel. I turned, and was just in time to see Lot Leonard stagger and fall. He had broken his bonds, and rushed on deck, and Knapp had seen him and shot him. Though I had meant to keep the wretch and give him the benefit of a fair trial, yet I was not sorry he was dead. I fet thus for the weal of others as well as for my own comfort.

As soon as the body of Leonard had been moved forward I had the prisoners all moved into the long-boat, and there more firmly secured than before. There were eleven of them, four having been shot, and seven having returned to their duty. Some of the bound ones begged hard to be released, but I dared not trust them. At any rate, I resolved to keep them on probation awhile first.

It was near midnight when I went down to see Mary Leonard. I found her pale and sad, but she seemed to cheer up when she saw me. Her boy was clasped in her arms, and he was trying to soothe her. He turned to me when I came in, and giving me both his hands he asked me if I would not be his father now. I gazed up into the beautiful face of his mother, and I trembled with a strange emotion. At that moment a dim hope took possession of my soul that I might some day be that boy's father in a deeper sense than he meant by his innocent question.

I said not a word then to the widow about the death of her husband. I only bade her be assured of my care and protection, and then I left her.

On the following day I released four of my prisoners who swore so solemnly and so earnestly that they would never be in such a scrape again that I believed them. That left me seven prisoners, and they plead in vain, for they were villains, and I would not trust them.

At the end of a week I went in and sat down with Mary Leonard. She had become calm and serene now, and she greeted me with a warm, grateful smile. After conversing awhile upon other topics I ventured to ask her how she came to marry with Lot Leonard. A quick shudder ran through her frame, and after a few moments of hesitation she said,—

"You shall know all. Lot Leonard was not the father of my child. My first husband was a noble, generous man, but unfortunate. He died on the very day our child was born, and left me in a state of the most abject poverty. I lived thus two years, and then arrangements were made for carrying me and my child to the poor-house! I could have borne it, but I could not bear the thought of having my boy brought up in such a place. Just then my husband's brother came home from sea. He offered me his hand. He swore that he would be kind and good to me. I did not love him, and yet I married him. I did it to save my child from the curse of the alms-house! But I have been punished by the deed. I gave him an empty hand without a heart, and he gave me love that never came from a heart—a love that faded away in one short year. But you know all now. My first husband was Lot Leonard's brother, and the father of my child, but until the day on which that wicked man tried to poison us my boy knew not that Lot was not his own parent."

I conversed awhile longer with the fond mother, and then left her; but after that we met often. We spent many evenings together, and I learned to love the gentle woman for other qualities than her beauty. I found her a true-hearted christian woman, and for that I loved her most.

In time we reached Calcutta, and there I got rid of my prisoners, who suffered the full penalty of their crimes. At Canton I asked Mary if she would be my wife. She placed her hand in mine, and said,—

"I love you well. If you will take me for your wife, and be a father to my noble boy, I will be yours while life and reason are mine, and never shall one word or act, on my part, give you pain if I can help it. As I am true and good to you, so may Heaven be to me."

Thus speaking she hid her face in my bosom, and from that moment she was mine to love and to cherish. And though years have passed since then, yet she is the same beautiful, loving being, and if I have a hope on earth more strong than another it is, that she will not pass down the valley of shadows until God shall call me to go with her.

And my boy—he is now a man, and an honor to society; and if ever I look back upon the dark hour when dread mutiny threatened me with death, the shudder quickly changes to a thrill of joy, for I remember that 'twas that hour of mutiny that gave me the partner of life whose companionship has been my happiest boon, and whose sweet counsel has been my holiest earthly guide.

* * *

From the Bridgeport Daily Standard.

THE INSANITY OF AN EDITOR.

Mr. Bonner, of the New York Ledger, has lately shown strong symptoms of insanity. Having obtained popular writers for his paper, he has been advertising it in the daily papers in the most reckless and extravagant manner. Instead of giving short and modest advertisements, he has filled whole columns with notices of the Ledger. In this way he has spent many thousands of dollars in the course of a few weeks. His recklessness was such that he ought undoubtedly to have failed. *Accidentally*, however, the circulation of his paper has increased beyond all precedent. When he began to throw away his money as above stated, he printed some ten thousand to fifteen thousand copies. Of late, however, the number has increased to sixty thousand, eighty thousand, one hundred thousand, and this last week to one hundred and ten thousand! Mr. B., we are sorry to say, still continues to be a good deal deranged. For instance, he insists that this great increase is owing to his system of advertising—that it was good policy for him to waste his money in advertising.

Our Bridgeport friend has our thanks for the handsome and ingenious manner in which the above notice was gotten up and carried out. That our humble efforts to introduce the LEDGER so very extensively should meet with so much encouragement from our editorial brethren, is indeed gratifying. It will be our aim to preserve their "good opinions."

* * *

NEW YORK, May 6th, 1856.

MR. LEDGER:—I have visited a family for some years and have been a fast friend to them, son and brother; lately, through the lies of a young man, we have quarreled. Would it be proper for me to continue to visit this family? They visit mine. I have my doubts as to the propriety of it. Please oblige me by answering in your next issue. J. D. C.

Inasmuch as your old friends visit your family, and thereby seem to indicate that they are not unfriendly to you, there would be no impropriety in your returning their visits, and in aiding, by exhibitions of good will on your part, to re-establish the former harmonious relations which existed between the two families;—*especially*, as you say it was by the falsehood of a third party that the misunderstanding was occasioned.

* * *

MR. LEDGER:—Aurelia wishes to know, *for a young friend*, whether she should live single until she falls in love, or marry without it, as she is quite indifferent, at present, about love and marriage. She has the offer of a young man, in every respect desirable, with the exception of a little religious difference—both being Protestants. Whether it is better to accept of such a husband, or remain with married sisters, is the question.

As "Aurelia's friend" seems to be so very indifferent with regard to marriage, it seems strange that she should trouble herself to debate whether or not to accept the hand of a man whom she declares she does not love. In justice to the young man, we must say that such a marriage would be improper.

* * *

RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPERS IN NEW YORK.—The following statement gives the present circulation of religious newspapers published in this city:

Christian Advocate and Journal (Methodist)	30,000
The Independent (Congregational)	24,240
New York Observer (O. S. Presbyterian)	21,120
The Evangelist (N. S. Presbyterian)	15,000
The Examiner (Baptist)	11,000
Christian Intelligencer (Reformed Dutch)	5,600
Christian Inquirer (Unitarian)	2,800
Protestant Churchman (Episcopal)	2,120
The Churchman (Episcopal)	1,000

The NEW YORK LEDGER has a larger circulation than all of the above papers put together.

* * *

TRIUMPHS OF YANKEE GENIUS.—The steamer Ericsson, which sailed from this port on Saturday last, for Liverpool, took out one of Hoe's six cylinder lightning printing presses, for the London Times. These presses have obtained a world-wide celebrity. Hoe is now building two more drum cylinders for the LEDGER, our present presses being totally inadequate to print our increasing circulation.

* * *

"OPINIONS OF THE PRESS."—Probably there is no paper in the country that could publish so many "opinions of the press," if we were disposed to occupy our columns in that way. We simply thank our friends—the editors—for their many kind favors.

* * *

TO ONE HUNDRED CORRESPONDENTS.—In reply to nearly *one hundred* correspondents, we would state that Cobb's novellette, THE GUN-MAKER OF MOSCOW, will *never be published in book form.* We have copyrighted it, and it can only be obtained in the LEDGER.

* * *

THE WONDER OF THE AGE.—The New York Sun has been reduced in price to out-of-town subscribers. It will be sent in large clubs at the rate of $2 a year. Just think of it, a daily paper for two dollars a year!

* * *

TO A MARYLAND CORRESPONDENT.—We are unable to furnish the back numbers containing the stories of Bertha and Norma Danton.